TEACHERS IN HANDCUFFS by Morris U. Schappes

# NEW MASSES

MAY 6, 1941 FIFTEEN CENTS

# THE SHOOTING STAGE?

WHERE THE WAR IS GOING
*an Editorial*

AMERICA'S PEACE MOVEMENT
*by Joseph Starobin*

IN FDR's MAILBAG
*by Adam Lapin*

*Merchants of Alibis: A review of Michael Gold's "The Hollow Men" by Samuel Sillen*

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# Between Ourselves

TO OUR readers and friends everywhere, May Day greetings! If you live in New York, you may be reading this along the line of march. We're marching, too, just behind the NM float, and tremendously proud to be in the big parade. It's a big day, too, this May Day of 1941. All May Days are, of course, but this one has its special qualities. We said that last year, we know. Well, it was true then and it's even truer today. Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, veteran of so many May Days herself, in her contribution on page 17, says better than we can here why this May 1, 1941, means so much in the history of the American working class and of the world itself. To the marchers, to workers all over the globe, Miss Flynn says—and we say it with her—"The 'sun of tomorrow' shines upon us. The future is ours."

Of that confidence and optimism we receive proof every day from the letters we get, the people we meet. NM editor John Stuart spent the past week in and around Pittsburgh talking to steel workers, coal miners, aluminum, flat-glass, and white collar workers. He says that the spirit of these people is indescribable—a calm awareness of the problems they face in maintaining peace and decent living standards; that they will not be deluded or bullied by all the war makers put together. The administration can't "sloganize" men and women like these—they have their own slogans and they hold them up high.

Maybe it's the times, or maybe it's just the spring weather, that ideas for NM articles seem to be budding in more than usual quantities right now. We can't tell you about all of them until the finished products are in, but among those definitely promised for the near future are an article by A. B. Magil on Harold Laski and his ideas, and the piece we mentioned last week by Julian Webb on Washington censorship. Also, a number of writers are digging into the TNEC reports and extracting the valuable material that lies buried in the prosaic, solemn phrasing of the "experts." The result is that we hope to present shortly articles by: Sender Garlin on the press as big business; Frank J. Wallace on the dilemma of the little business man; H. B. MacAuliffe on insurance; and Barbara Giles on pressure politics. Other articles from the TNEC reports will include: international trusts and American foreign policy; the moving picture industry; the corporation's move into agriculture; and the effect of technological change on industry.

It's always a boost to our planning spirit to get compliments on articles we've already printed. Perhaps the largest number in the last two weeks have been on Joseph North's reports from Detroit. Some of the letters have more general praise—which is also heartening—such as the assurance that NM is "the only publication I can turn to when I need encouragement or understanding about news events." And sometimes the testimonial is backed up with a bill or a check for the fund drive, ranging from larger contributions like the $45 from "O. K. Clevelander" to the dollar with a note saying, "I'll send my extra to help out later—the federal taxes grabbed all I had on March 15."

We still get an occasional letter on Samuel Sillen's article about Robert Burns, which appeared in our March 18 issue. The latest comes from a California reader, seventy-four years old, who says that the article "gave me the greatest pleasure that has come my way these many moons. Some day I will want to publish your piece in leaflet form for free distribution."

We are extremely pleased to learn—and to pass the information on to our readers—that Dr. Friederich Wolf, distinguished anti-fascist writer, has arrived safely in Moscow. Dr. Wolf, whose dramatic works include *Professor Mamlock* and *The Sailors of Cattaro,* was confined for more than a year in a French concentration camp, following the outbreak of war in September, 1939. Largely because of the efforts of the League of American Writers he was kept alive and out of the Gestapo's hands. The successive French governments, however—Daladier's, Reynaud's, and Petain's—refused to let him leave for Mexico. Finally, however, the USSR bestowed Soviet citizenship on him, and Dr. Wolf was released. In a letter of thanks to Donald Ogden Stewart, president of the League of American Writers, Dr. Wolf urges every possible effort to save "our writer-colleagues" who are still under the terror of the Vichy regime.

On Friday, May 2, NM and the Fordham Forum will present "Questions, Please!" featuring Joseph Starobin, John Stuart, and Major Milt Wolff—with Carl Bristel as interlocutor—in a round-table discussion followed by the answering of questions from the audience. Prizes will be awarded for the best questions used, which may cover anything in the domestic and foreign field. Admission is thirty-five cents, and the forum will take place at 8:15 PM, at Concourse Paradise, 2413 Grand Concourse (Fordham Road), Bronx, N. Y.

## Who's Who

ADAM LAPIN is NM's Washington correspondent. . . . Morris U. Schappes has been an English tutor at City College for thirteen years. He has contributed to many publications. . . . Cesar Falcon was one of Spain's leading newspapermen during the Spanish war. . . . Elizabeth Gurley Flynn is a member of the National Committee of the Communist Party, USA. . . . Emil Pritt is a free lance Hollywood writer.

## Flashbacks

WE OFFER the following as background to the current effort to get us further into war via convoys: On May 7, 1915, the Lusitania, British boat carrying arms and some American passengers, was sunk by a German submarine. The incident was exploited for all it was worth by the war mongers who soon enough succeeded in getting us into the war. . . . A perfect example of the ruling class frameup technique has an anniversary this week. On May 5 Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested. . . . For those who pretend that they find our Wall-Street-in-Washington government competent to conduct a satisfactory fight against fascism we offer this reminder: On May 1, 1937, the Roosevelt administration took a decisive step toward insuring the victory of fascism in Spain. That day the arms embargo against the legal democratic Spanish government was declared. . . . And incidentally it was on May 3, and in the United States, that the phrase "class war" was first used. The radical journal, the *Free Inquirer* for that day in 1830 reads: "What distinguishes the present from every other struggle in which the human race has been engaged is that the present is evidently, openly and acknowledgedly a war of class."

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NEW MASSES

# WHERE THE WAR STANDS

***The President has brought us to the shooting stage. But the people's opposition mounts fast. The stakes American imperialism gambles for. An editorial article.***

ANOTHER month, another April has run its course; the first of May, the day when the people review their ranks, and gain new hope from the demonstration of their strength, arrives in an atmosphere of climax, of big events impending. The average citizen does not have to read between the lines to see that something sticks in the gullets of the men in power. There have been half a dozen speeches in a row—from our big-mouthed Secretary of the Navy, from Cordell Hull, from the miserable William Bullitt. The administration's artillery is laying down a heavy barrage of language: something is proceeding under cover. Only a few days back, the New York *Herald Tribune* buried the slogan of "aid to Britain short of war" and came out yelling for "war, if necessary." The newspaper *PM* reveals the fruits of Mr. Ingersoll's recent visit to the White House: Mr. Ingersoll, too, wants to show the nation just how people can be pushed around. John D. Rockefeller himself—he who is still selling oil to Japan—runs the risk of heightening that hatred which Americans have for his name; he dictates an oily letter to his journalistic servant, Arthur Hays Sulzberger of the New York *Times,* demanding immediate participation in the war. A new "front organization" blossoms out, the Fight for Freedom Committee. With all the coarseness of hardened burlesque artists, the same people who formed the William Allen White committee just a year ago—the "short of war" crowd—now wave every sham aside. Rumors circulate that radio stations have been asked to stand by: the declaration of a national emergency is expected.

HAVING TAKEN all the preliminary steps, the President now wishes to take the final step. The exchange of destroyers for bases could be sold on the hysteria of an imminent invasion; the vast arms appropriations were jammed through on the grounds of defense; the lend-lease bill was then explained away with the argument that after all, we were simply lending people things with which to defend themselves. Remember the good neighbor and the garden hose? Occupying Greenland seemed to be stretching the hemisphere a point or two; but now it becomes impossible to maintain the deception any longer. The President wants to send our ships into the war zone, and he wants the people as a whole to take the responsibility if the ships are sunk. He wants to follow the logic of his course, long worked out in advance among a handful of his advisers. And yet the President hesitates. He boasts that our ships will be protected on the seven seas, but insists on the distinction between patrols and convoys, even though the patrols will operate a thousand miles into both oceans. He puts on such an ingenuous performance, such a nasty chicanery that even his own supporters among the columnists berate him for his cowardice.

AND WHY? Because the great majority of the American people are waking up from day to day to the realization of what's in store for them. Those millions who did not read our editorials all last spring and summer, who took Mr. Roosevelt's hypocrisy at its face value, now realize that they have been brought to the brink of war, precisely the war which they were supposed to avoid by following Mr. Roosevelt's policies. *And they don't want that war.* Millions of Republicans are waking up to the obscene performance of their bogus candidate in the November elections. The new taxation bill is opening everybody's eyes. The prospect that their sons and brothers will be forced to stay on after a year of the draft begins to sink in among millions of humble folk who await the day their beloved ones return. Eleanor Roosevelt's bland proposal that girls be drafted too at $21 per month gives every American mother a glimpse of the future of American womanhood under the New Ordeal. The recent victories of labor, the experiences of the coal miners with the Mediation Board are broadening the horizons of the working class. The Roosevelt hypnosis is wearing off. They are beginning to ask what kind of war this can be from which their hereditary enemies are profiting so lasciviously?

At the moment when the President is straining to take the next step, millions are realizing the full significance of his first step. And they are catching up fast. He runs the risk of a universal recognition of how he has deceived the nation precisely at the moment when the people are in no mood for further deceptions. They just don't want this war.

Mr. Roosevelt faces a related dilemma on still another level—the level of the war itself. The glowing promise of assistance to Yugoslavia and Greece when contrasted with his actual performance was not exactly a victory for the President's foreign policy. His mid-winter flirtation with General Weygand and Marshal Petain—the shipment of food and all—approaches the same frowsy ending as last spring's flirtation with Mussolini. In the Far East, Japan has raised her price in the bargaining with the United States, all the while strengthening positions originally gained with Mr. Roosevelt's assistance. Once again, the utter infamy of his policy toward China stares the President in the face. A new wave of speculation sweeps the press that Britain may lose the entire Near East, and German armies may come down the west coast of Africa to Dakar. The British empire creaks a bit under the strain: South Africa, it should be remembered, entered the war by a very slight margin; in Australia popular resentment mounts at the realization that Churchill was sacrificing Australian lives in his Grecian gambles. In Britain, Churchill himself is none too secure: there is even criticism from the Tories to the right; the people who are wandering homeless, whose union scales have been busted by Bevin's industrial conscription, who see little being done for air-raid protection —they are not exactly impressed with the idea of an indefinite war. Churchill's last speech had many more literary circumlocutions, far less punch than ever before. The way Lloyd George's name is being mentioned sounds strangely like a year ago this time in France when the octogenarian Petain was brought into the Reynaud Cabinet.

INCLUDE in this picture the emergence of Charles Lindbergh, the spokesman of the reactionary isolationists. He said that Britain was beaten; he urged rapid rearmament, for the purpose of cooperating with Germany in maintaining the structure of the British empire although sharing in the subordination of its present masters. The same interventionist press which considers Lindbergh a traitor gives him a most luxurious play in its columns. The American Peace Mobilization could fill the hall where Lindbergh spoke six nights a week, and Madison Square Garden on the seventh—but would rate just a few inches of space and a sneer. But Lindbergh is treated like a respectable opposition. And with good reason. For the men who rule this country foresee alternatives: they see in Lindbergh the figure who can control the feeling against war, and yet in his domestic policies be perfectly safe. He could capitalize on the defeat of the President's current diplomacy while deflecting the revulsion against that diplomacy from Wall Street itself.

Here lies the President's dilemma. He has gone far. Yet the future demands so much and is so uncertain that the impulse to caution struggles with the impulse to precipi-

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tate action. His commitments to Britain are already so profound that he cannot retain control over British policy without going the whole hog; yet it would be fatal to participate in the war, bearing in mind his domestic opposition, if later on this year the strategic situation gets so bad that the real rulers of Britain decide on some arrangement with Germany. To face internal opposition, as President and politician is difficult enough; to enter the war at the injudicious moment is equally dangerous; yet not to enter now may ruin the whole calculation. It was the basic strategy of American imperialism, after having entrenched its positions in the British empire, to enter the war with the intention of dominating its outcome. This strategy was premised on the idea that the British Tories would sacrifice their positions for American help in maintaining their empire. But Hitler has gained a powerful headstart. The Soviet Union cannot be wished out of the picture; it pursues an independent policy and it cannot be lured into relieving the Anglo-American bloc of its dilemma. To enter the war early would be unwise. To enter the war too late would be disastrous.

The President is caught on the spikes of this problem. He cannot confide the nature of the problem—for that would give away the hard material core of his imperialist strategy. It would rob his policies of their moral garb. It would raise questions in the minds of millions as to the wisdom of giving their lives for such a game. To push headlong into immediate participation might strengthen the Anglo-American alliance, and frighten the people into temporary submission. But if that alliance could not endure the winter, Roosevelt would have suffered a defeat. Even Lindbergh might not be able to short-circuit the popular awakening.

WHAT THEN is Britain's actual position? How much of the pessimism from London is based on reality? How much of it is deliberately inspired to hook Uncle Sam for good? Did the British Tories make their final decision when they rejected Hitler's terms last summer? Or could they still risk upheaval at home and in the empire by changing their minds?

These are not easy questions to answer. The more we think them over, the more we check the urge to be governed by spectacular military events. We would caution against the tendency to see simple repetitions in history, especially to make simple parallels between Britain and France. Their internal political equilibrium is quite different; the strength of their imperialisms cannot be compared. It is necessary to consider the world picture, the world strength, especially in its economic aspects, of the British position.

Unquestionably, the British empire is on the defensive. Sea power does not offer the same advantages as it did in the last war. The far-flung colonies are only a potential source of strength. The island against the continent is very vulnerable. Britain is feeling the effects of a half century of the uneven development of capitalism, feeling the strength of her German and American rivals. Nevertheless, it is a hasty judgment to believe that Britain is defeated. Even on specific aspects of the problem, for example the Near East, it would be presumptuous to predict that Hitler can walk into the Nile Valley, or through the Mosul region beyond Turkey on the pattern of his previous conquests. For here lies the hub of the modern empire. We must assume it is an armed camp in which the conditions of battle are certainly more equal than any previous battle. Hitler has a dozen diplomatic problems to solve in Turkey, and in German-Soviet relations. Without denying that he might win Suez, it is worth stressing the time Hitler needs for preparation. This is especially true if he does not come through Turkey, and is forced to rely on a combination of an air attack from the Greek Isles and a roundabout land campaign from Libya. Even Britain's loss of the entire Suez region must not be considered as automatically bringing about a truce, especially if the campaign should last well into the fall.

Similarly on the question of the battle for the Atlantic: it is true that the British have lost 5,000,000 tons of shipping, but only half of this has been lost in North Atlantic waters. Only part of this loss can include materials from this country. It is worth remembering that Britain has more shipping than she started with, has kidnapped the entire fleets of all those countries which Hitler has occupied. It is well to remember—what every seaman will tell you—that British fleets ply their trade in Caribbean, South American, and Far Eastern waters in a grim trade battle with the United States. It is worth remembering that the Tories are still making money, gaining new imperialist positions at the expense of the French, Dutch, Portuguese, and Belgian empires. They are resisting fiercely Wall Street's demand for the liquidation of their assets. Without denying their difficulties in the North Atlantic, it is worth asking how much of what we are hearing is propaganda to force an immediate and long term commitment from the United States?

WHEN THE BALANCE is struck, the very wealth of the empire as compared with its difficult strategic position tends to make for a long drawn war. Just as Hitler's reserves on the continent, or new gains in the eastern Mediterranean, his very haste to win this year, also tend to make for a long drawn war. The shrewd calculating policy of Washington, its enormous war potential, also make for a long, long struggle. Beyond the spectacular developments, and beyond the present strain in every diplomatic relation, the picture is one of *attrition*. This is not just a war: it is the disintegration of a social system. And social systems do not die of strokes. They die of cancer.

Such is the long view which we deduce from our understanding of the Soviet Union's policy as a whole, from the German-Soviet pact to the Soviet-Japanese pact. Such was also the long view of R. Palme Dutt, in a series of articles published by NEW MASSES last fall and winter. He emphasized that British and German antagonists were powerfully matched; the conflict between them had been maturing for a generation, and was very deep-going. He emphasized that the British ruling class had made a choice in coming to terms with the United States. And while this alliance is not stable, it is nevertheless the *main trend*. While the fear of their own peoples and the solidarity of the bourgeoisie are distinctive in this world period, the issue of the redivision of the imperialist world cannot easily be evaded. "The whole logic of the conflict," says Dutt, "the depth of the antagonisms, the issues at stake drive forward the rulers, even in the face of their own hesitations and anxieties before the suicidal consequences of their policies, to continuously deepened, extended, and protracted war without end or issue, until such time as the people themselves take their fate out of the hands of their rulers."

THE ATTITUDE of NEW MASSES toward this war is not determined by whether the balance favors one side or the other, today or tomorrow. We are opposed to the victory of either side. We doubt very much that either side can ever achieve a stable victory for a whole historical period. Because we are Americans first, our obligation through this war is to carry forward the great, good fight to regain America—the wondrous land of mill and mine, the land of fertile farms and valleys, of brave and able men and women. The America-that-might-be must be rescued from the handful of men who have expropriated the people's heritage. That is the decisive front. For there will be no "end or issue" to this war until decisions are gained on that front. We cannot expect other peoples to do their part, unless we do our own.

The perspective for the people's victory is far better this May Day than ever, better than twenty-five years ago. Yes, the perspective for such a victory is far clearer than the perspective which Roosevelt pursues in his diplomatic jungle, in the underworld of robber barons. The victory of the common man against oppressors and misleaders, *can be gained sooner, and at a much lower cost,* than victory on the seven seas, on the ice-caps of Greenland, the wilds of Central and South America, the stony bluff of Singapore. "The experiences of war, like the experiences of every great crisis in history, of every calamity and sudden turn in human life, stun and break some people, but they enlighten and harden others." That was Lenin's wisdom, a man who faced and solved the problems which confront us. Some are broken, but the millions awaken from their complacency. On every minor front—in defense of education, in the fight for a free press, in the battle with the poll-tax, in labor's daily struggle, in the anguish of mothers and fathers for their sons and daughters—that awakening goes forward. On this path lies the only true victory.



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# AMERICA'S PEACE MOVEMENT

***What is its strength? Joseph Starobin discusses the problems before the anti-war millions of this country. Lessons of the past two years.***

THE five thousand and fifty-eight delegates who came from 385 cities in forty states, the 1,700 or more representatives of labor unions, the thousands of people from peace clubs, organizations of every kind and character need no one to explain the significance of the American People's Meeting in New York last month. Hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions of people, are already being told as delegates report back to their union meetings and community rallies, about the turbulent drama, the excitement, the power of that great mobilization against war.

Of course, a number of things went wrong. Mecca Temple, where the meeting was held, is built tier upon tier; it was difficult for each delegate to get the sense of the mobilization as a whole. Many of the panel discussions were poorly prepared. The big rally at Randall's Island, which would have made the whole town APM-conscious, was washed out by the rain. But by now, these have become details. *The main fact is that the mobilization of the American people against this war is under way.* There is in existence, and there is growing, a coalition of progressive forces, of every type and character, bringing forward new leaders from the heart of the masses—that great mobilization which alone holds out the hope of saving our country from the social and moral catastrophe which the misrulers of this nation are preparing.

True enough, there was an important anti-war movement before the war broke out. Millions of men and women who remembered keenly what the last war had done to their lives, were resolved it must never happen again. Millions of the younger generation, who experienced the post-war disillusion in their most impressionable years, who came of age at the depth of the crisis, were resolved that the only fight worth fighting was the fight against war. Organizations in those years took on varied forms. There were semi-governmental committees like the Carnegie Foundation for International Peace. They were well financed, directly controlled by the biggest fish in capitalist life, trying to keep some hold on the post-war revulsion. Organizations sprang up with special appeals like the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. At the beginning of the thirties, when the Versailles peace was obviously falling apart, new movements came forward, like the American League against War and Fascism. They arose out of the upheaval in the educational world. Men and women from the working class took a major share in their leadership. They emphasized the principle of solidarity among all peoples. They gave a wide currency to the peace policies of the Soviet Union. They raised the first voice for Spain, for the boycott against Japanese silk. They led the sympathy movement for Czechoslovakia—and as we look back upon it now, these were all efforts to prevent this war from breaking out.

When the war finally overtook us, the anti-war movement suffered a serious confusion, and with the exception of a few brave folk, an abdication of leadership. The situation demanded clarity on one main problem: what kind of war could this be, if the men who declared it were the ones who had defied the will of their own peoples for peace, had betrayed half of Europe, had collaborated with fascism? The situation demanded precisely the action which this leadership had promised for years: it demanded that the fight against war be carried forward under the conditions of the war itself. In this crisis, the primarily middle class leadership of the anti-war forces revealed its colossal impotence. The case of a man like Clark Eichelberger is typical. For years he had headed the League of Nations Association, had championed the cause of collective security. He made a life's work (as well as a living) out of a professional opposition to militarism. But by a disgusting irony, it was this gentleman who became the secretary of the William Allen White committee—the main propagandist agency to get us into this war. In fact, he even had the gall to become connected with another committee "to investigate the causes of the peace failure," and still another to "study" the kind of peace we ought to have when this war is over!

In their fright at the changes in world affairs countless writers, actors, educators, ministers abdicated every pretense to leadership of the people. While they proceeded to confuse everybody else, they insisted that the Communists were confusing them, although it was the Communist Party which first cut through the confusion. Having cut themselves off from the source of whatever clarity they formerly possessed, they concealed their *own* unwillingness to think the new problem through by heaping ridicule and slander on those who *were* trying to think the problem through. It was the liberals' last stand. From then on, they could hope to gain a mass hearing only as marionettes of a most brutal, decadent imperialism. They became, as they are becoming, the architects of American fascism.

THE NEW PROBLEM—how to continue the fight for progress and peace—was complicated by two main facts. The first was that the leadership of the forces making for war rested in the hands of the President. It was not easy for people to recognize the vast deception in which Mr. Roosevelt became engaged: the deception of getting the nation reconciled to war by promising to defend its peace. It was doubly difficult because the President's chief influence lay among the workers, the Negro people, the youth and urban middle classes on whose shoulders fell the task of challenging his program. He was able to conceal his intentions by trading on achievements of the past.

The second complication was different. The instinctive feeling against war happened to be dispersed among hundreds of thousands of families of the agricultural midwest, the seat of the isolationist tradition. These were the least organized, the most difficult groups to organize effectively. Moreover, the vocal leadership of the isolationist masses was monopolized by men like Father Coughlin, Charles Lindbergh, by newspapers like the Chicago *Tribune,* by half a dozen discredited senators. On the basis of past record, these forces had the least standing among the progressive working men and city folk. Their outlook on domestic affairs was most suspect.

It took most of the following year to cut through these problems. A beginning was made by the American Youth Congress Institute on Lincoln's birthday, 1940. But it was not until Labor Day of last year that the Emergency Peace Mobilization took form—a movement which had broken with Roosevelt and yet carried the most advanced sections of the trade unions, and other progressive bodies with it; a movement which could tap the instinctive anti-war feeling among the people independently of the reactionary isolationists. EPM was a brave beginning. It came forward at the most difficult time, when France had fallen, when Britain's future course was uncertain, when extraordinary arms appropriations, the unprecedented peacetime draft, the exchange of destroyers for bases were pushed through on the wave of a hysteria that the country would be invaded before the next sunrise.

By contrast with EPM, the American People's Meeting last month has made remarkable strides. New leaders have come forward, old ones have gained a new stature. Men like Frederick V. Field personify intellectuals who know that the future of all scientific endeavor depends upon organizing the people against this war. That great tribune, Dr. Harry F. Ward, has come out of a temporary retirement to renew on a higher level his great work of the past. Ministers like John V. Thompson, of Norman, Okla., are inspiring a whole generation of young men in and out of the churches to a new sense of personal dedication. John P. Davis, Max Yergan, Paul Robeson—younger men like James Jackson—are contributing the voice of the Negro people. They are champions of a real national unity which terrifies Southern reactionaries, Northern New Dealers. Trade unionists like Reid Robinson, of the Mine, Mill and Smelter workers, or Joseph Curran, of the National Maritime Union, indicate by their actions that the backbone of



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this anti-war movement must be the working class, the fact which distinguishes it from predecessors. A man like Vito Marcantonio has given meaning to Andrew Jackson's maxim: "One man with courage is a majority."

But the big thing about the American People's Meeting was its mass representation. Double the number of states, forty in all, were represented, twice as many as last September, most of them from the Alleghenies and beyond. Although the labor delegation, some 1,717, was only a few hundred more than at the EPM, the important thing is that the number of local unions participating, both CIO and AFL, rose from sixty to 500. In other words, the labor delegation this time came from unions where a real discussion about APM took place: they were really elected delegates.

Some 728 people came as observers from organizations which weren't quite sure they could affiliate with APM but wanted time to decide. This very uncertainty is important—it means that the issue of APM was being debated and mulled over by hundreds of thousands more than were actually represented thus far. And if we remember the countless unions which decided not to send delegates or even observers by a small majority—it becomes clear that millions of people have been arguing out the issues which APM poses.

Whole delegations came from the picket lines of some of labor's historic struggles from Allis-Chalmers, from Ford, from International Harvester. Key industries like electrical and machine tool, like auto, transport, and communications were represented. For the first time, coal miners and steel workers made their appearance in numbers.

One of the most significant facts was the Negro delegation, some 354, a large share from the South. For there is no stronger condemnation of "our way of life" than its treatment of the Negro. There is no section of the people among whom the ferment against the war, against discrimination in the "defense industries," against all the accumulated ills of a century of pseudo-equality is mounting with greater passion. There can be no united people's movement unless the Negro people are part of it, and play a leading role.

Some 300 or more delegates represented national groups — the Bulgarians, Slovaks, Poles, Italians, Czechs, Irish who make up the industrial east. They are a particularly important section of the people. The war in Europe makes a very strong impact on them. Britain has been exploiting their sympathies cleverly, setting up phantom governments in London, shipping men like General Sikorski across to whoop it up for the war. Nobody realizes better than the President how important these Americans of foreign origin can be. Nobody, that is, except APM.

The delegation from the farms remains weak, although the sixty people that came were double the number of last fall. The big fact, however, was the emergence of local representation of more than a thousand people from individual peace clubs, all of whom have been organized in the last seven months. This is the great hope and the great problem of the APM. It cannot remain merely a center of collaboration for other organizations. It must build, as it is doing, its most elementary organizational form—the local peace club.

THE UNIQUE MERIT of APM is that it has recognized we face a total war. The rulers of this country are not taking us into just a military conflict, a continuation of the last war. It won't be just a series of battles, on land, sea, and air—which, having won, we shall return to life as it was. *What they are undertaking is actually a permanent transformation of American life.* They are trying to make us into a militarized, semi-fascist state: the needs and aspirations of the working class will be forcibly suppressed; the resentment of the middle classes will be diverted into anti-Negro and anti-Semitic channels; the grip of the monopolies on our economic life will be strengthened; a section of the youth will be indefinitely engaged trying to maintain access to the constantly shrinking markets of a constantly shrinking imperialist world. This isn't just a war: it is a convulsion. It is the paroxysm of a social system in its death throes.

APM has recognized this fact. Its program, therefore, is a *total* program. War and peace today involve the preservation of civil liberties, the rights of the foreign-born, the demand of the Negro people for full equality, the maintenance of free education, the right of workers to build their unions, raise their wages, the needs of the little business man. Because the APM program embodies these issues, and because APM is most successful as it breaks the big issue of war or peace into its component parts, it is the only program and movement which meets the scope of the reactionary offensive.

But APM is even more. It cannot help but become the embryo of a new political configuration in American life—the answer to the unprecedented crisis in our political system revealed in last November's election. Earl Browder called it the most peculiar election campaign in our history. But what gave it that peculiar character? It was not simply the fact that the executive insisted upon retaining office for the third consecutive term. It was not simply that the nation stood at the crossroads in foreign and domestic policies. It was peculiar because it revealed that the problems of the American people *can no longer be solved within the framework of the two-party system.* The major issue was the war, but when the people tried to solve that problem within the two-party system, the ruling class resorted to a desperate and dangerous stratagem. They picked a candidate on the Republican ticket who they knew *in advance* would support the President's foreign policy irrespective of his "campaign oratory." The 22,000,000 people who voted for Willkie were therefore misled into believing that they had voted for a genuine opposition to Roosevelt; the 26,000,000 people who voted for Roosevelt were misled into believing they had voted for a genuine opposition to Willkie. The character of this deception is confirmed not only by Willkie's subsequent turnabout, but by his extreme sensitivity toward the campaign. Only the other day, when Bishop O'Shaughnessy of Seattle took him to task for his cynical betrayal of last autumn's promises, Willkie reacted as though a vital nerve had been touched. The press and its columnists avoided discussing the incident as though it were dynamite.

It is dynamite. When the people get wise to the full magnitude of the deception, when they figure out the real authors and its implications, there must be a profound upheaval, with repercussions that break out of the two existing parties. There will be a revulsion against this war and everything it is doing to American life. That revulsion will seek new political channels. Even though Willkie is being groomed, via the entire publicity apparatus of capitalism, to retain his hold on the Republican Party, and even though Wall Street is already interested in Colonel Lindbergh's potentialities as the lightning rod of mass disillusion with Roosevelt, the chances of a third party, a party of the people, will be better than ever before. That party is already maturing in the subterranean processes of history. Sections of it are already growing in the form of the American Labor Party in New York, the Washington Commonwealth Federation, the Wisconsin and Minnesota independent movements. APM is not its final organizational form. But it can be the yeast to make that movement rise and take shape.

The redemption of American democracy involves much more than a program of immediate demands, no matter how comprehensive. APM cannot be a mere opposition, criticizing and opposing from day to day what the ruling class is trying to put over. Sooner or later, it must develop an affirmative, a positive program for the full reconstruction of American life.

The men who rule this country cannot gain the allegiance of the people to preserve the *status quo.* To millions of people, the *status quo*—our way of life—means unemployment. It means disease, discrimination, disappointment. It has meant a decade of moral dissolution, culminating in a war which every man and woman dreads. In the last few months, therefore, more and more emphasis is being placed on the "new social order" that will come when the war is won—the President's "four freedoms everywhere in the world."

But that "new social order" is even less realizable during and after this war than it was the last time. American capitalism made some fundamental miscalculations, unavoidable but also irreversible. After the last war, it permitted British imperialism to run the world while it cleaned up on the profits. It clung to this policy even when British imperialism was running the world to the ground, when the war against the Soviet Union misfired. The result was that Germany gained a powerful headstart. To defeat Ger-



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Michaels

many, it should certainly be clear by now, involves a long, drawn out struggle over many years, a struggle in which only the continued fascization of American life—in the face of enormous internal resistance—can bring victory. And what can victory possibly mean? The multi-millioned masses of the colonial world are not exactly pining away for Mr. Wallace's "second chance to make the world safe for democracy." Nor are the peoples of Europe likely to sit by for Mr. Roosevelt to install a host of discredited governments, supported by American bayonets. Victory is a will o' the wisp. Victory is likely to find American imperialism with even more disorganized world markets, fewer colonial areas to exploit, and perhaps all of Europe gone for the capitalist system. Victory will find us a highly militarized, semi-fascist state—subject to the same dynamic which gnaws away at Hitler. Our rulers will have to keep going. War, in Napoleon's phrase, will be their "antidote to anarchy."

In other words, so long as we remain a capitalist nation we are getting deeper and deeper into a permanent convulsion of warfare and fascism, further and further from a new social order. It will become clearer and clearer, as it has become in the past ten years, that the American people will be paying an enormous price for the dubious privilege of remaining a capitalist nation. It will become more and more urgent (and it will be the essence of patriotism) *to separate the question of our existence as a people from the question of our existence as a capitalist country.* There will always be an England to be sure, always a United States. But they will be fearful places to live in if they continue to be ruled, or misruled, by their capitalist class.

The plain fact of the matter is that only a People's Government in this country today—and in the shortest space of time—can save us from the long drawn out paroxysm of this war. Only a People's Government can deal with the strategic situation that confronts us. Only a People's Government can gain the support of the hemisphere, of the peoples of Asia, of the Soviet Union, of the oppressed men and women of Europe. Only a People's Movement has the vitality, the *elan,* the organizing power to realize those "four freedoms" with which Roosevelt now deceives us.

The American people today have learned a great deal in the past generation, especially in the past decade. They are more powerfully organized in their unions, twice as powerfully as after the last war, and obviously ready to defend those organizations at any cost. The influence of the misleaders of labor is weaker, weaker by far than was Gompers' influence, weaker precisely *because it was the misleaders of labor who brought the German, the European, the British peoples to their present impasse.* Sooner than we think, much faster also, the potentialities of a People's Movement will fire the imagination and inspire the action of millions of Americans. APM points the way. There lies its promise.

JOSEPH STAROBIN.



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# IN FDR'S MAILBAG

*The White House coterie plays a few propaganda tricks. An unknown fact about the Gallup polls. What the letters from the grass-roots country say.*

*Washington.*

MORALE is now the number one problem confronting the administration. It is more important than guns, tanks, planes, and ships for the success of that expeditionary force to Europe which is more than ever on the order of the day in Washington. The President realizes that a war waged by a people either unenthusiastic or distinctly opposed to further American participation invites military and political disaster. So the drumbeating has reached a new crescendo. The people must be cajoled, bullied, and threatened.

After Secretary of the Navy Knox and Secretary of State Hull hinted plainly enough at convoys, President Roosevelt followed with his announcement that American ships would patrol the seven seas as far as necessary to protect the Western Hemisphere. He was ready to fight for the democratic process, the President demagogically told his important press conference. He paved the way for a possible armed clash with the Germans at Greenland by suggesting that Axis forces might have already partially occupied this newest protectorate of the United States. And as far as those who prefer peace with the dictators are concerned, the President was sorry that people with such mentalities are in such high places that they can write and talk. The big push is here—the push to batter down resistance to the war as a final step toward all-out involvement.

There were plenty of preliminaries before the big push started. Dorothy Thompson, Walter Lippmann, and that old hard-bitten tory, Frank Kent, branded the President a laggard. The people were waiting for leadership. They were ready for the President to take the next step. They were far ahead of their chief executive. Or so the monotonous refrain went.

BUT the President hesitated. Dr. Gallup launched a series of polls based on what the President has frequently called iffy questions. If it were absolutely necessary and if thus and so were to happen, would the people favor convoys or perhaps outright war with Germany?

Much of this build-up was obviously phony. *It can be stated as an established fact that Dr. Gallup submits both his questions and his results to the administration for approval.* There has been at least one case where a poll which did not come out right was sent to the administration but never made public. It will also be recalled that last year prior to the turning over of US Navy destroyers to Great Britain there was a similar torrent of ballyhoo. Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen complained in their syndicated column that the people were clamoring to send destroyers to Britain while the President held back. That story was definitely planted in the Washington-Merry-Go-Round by the administration.

But this time apparently the criticism from the omniscient columnists was not all stage setting. A number of war mongering writers and publishers seem to have been disappointed by the President's "Seven Seas" press conference. Nothing less than outright convoying without pretense or camouflage would satisfy these typewriter generals who in turn reflect a growing impatience on the part of the banking crowd. As far as the columnists and their Wall Street friends are concerned, the time has come for decisive action, for convoys and the steps beyond. There is no longer anything to restrain them. The President, on the other hand, still has to deal with *realpolitik*. He is still the politician greedy for public acclaim and for the judgment of history.

Above all, Mr. Roosevelt has to reckon with the strong popular opposition to getting into the war with another AEF. In the last few weeks he has had a bitter taste of public sentiment on this issue. White House mail has reached an unprecedented peak. Thousands of letters are reaching him daily and most of them are opposed to his war program. The Midwest is particularly well represented in the bulging mail bags. A substantial number of letters are understood to come from persons who stated that they once supported the President's aid-to-Britain program and are now disillusioned. It is true that some of the mail has been inspired by the reactionary America First Committee whose Washington observers realized some time ago that the White House was probably the best target at the present time for a letter writing campaign. But most of the mail that has been reaching the President expresses the grass-roots anti-war feelings of the people. And the President knows it.

Burton

*"Broadly speaking, Saroyan bores me."*

ONE of the President's problems is that he did too good a job in selling the idea that aid to Britain would be short of war, that it was in fact a method of keeping out of war. Millions of people who were willing to go along with the President up to a point believed him when he said that the United States would not be directly involved. The President can try to mislead and delude the people but he cannot yet afford to defy popular will too openly. That is why he has been forced to follow his tortuous, step-by-step road. There may eventually be little difference between patrols and convoys. But there would be too much opposition to an outright announcement that convoys would be instituted after all the pious statements that no such step was even being contemplated. Then also the patrol policy gives the weak-kneed congressional insolationists, who always discuss issues piecemeal and never the Roosevelt war program as a whole, a relatively small target to shoot at.

There is also this to consider: the President appears to be deeply concerned about the possibility of a peace or at least a truce following the German victory in Greece. If the Germans make a successful attack on Egypt and the Suez Canal, there is a feeling among many informed persons here that there will be strong sentiment in British ruling circles for a cessation of hostilities. The Hull and Knox speeches plus the President's strong statements at his press conference were undoubtedly designed to encourage the British to continued resistance. The contradiction is obvious. More aid is necessary to keep the Churchill government fighting. But at the same time at least a minimum of caution is needed in the event that there should be some kind of even temporary truce in Europe.

In other words, the President seems to feel that he must be ready for the possibility of some sudden shift in the war situation. In view of the uncertainties of the course that the war will now take, there was unusual significance in the anti-Soviet blast in Secretary Knox's speech. The Soviet Union's neutrality pact with Japan was described as neither more nor less than "the latest link in the chain of encirclement" that the Axis powers are forging around the United States. This frontal attack on the Soviet Union is one of the most ominous signs to come out of Washington in recent weeks.

ADAM LAPIN.



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# TEACHERS IN HANDCUFFS

***Morris U. Schappes, facing a $20,000 fine and twenty years in prison, tells why the legislative czars are attacking some of the best teachers in New York's free colleges. "Education is a war industry."***

EDUCATION is a war industry. Teachers, especially those involved in higher education, produce a direct war material. Our product is not the cannon, or the shell, or the dive bomber, or the dreadnaught. Ours is the even more basic material—the target. Without the target, the soldier on land, sea, or air, no war could get to the shooting stage. Grasp this fact, grasp it hard, and you can begin to understand why the municipal free colleges of New York City—especially its oldest unit, the City College—are now being attacked as no colleges ever have been in our country before.

After the last war the ravage of reaction was worked upon the New York school system by the Lusk committee, which every war-heated liberal today, with customary hindsight, denounces. But today, before we have reached the shooting stage in this war, the legitimate heirs of Lusk, the Rapp-Coudert committee, are at work, softening up the public mind, "confusing" the oft-professed liberals, seeking to undermine higher education that is free, free economically to the student attending and intellectually free for the benefit of a political democracy. Cooperating zealously with the committee, the Board of Higher Education begins its blitzkrieg against the principles and practices of intellectual freedom. This krieg includes a resolution, unanimously passed on March 17, setting up a political qualification for teachers in the municipal colleges; it provides that no one connected with any "Communist group" or teaching or advising subversive doctrines or practices shall be retained on the staffs; it seeks to obscure the fascist nature of the resolution by the bow, studied from Coughlin and Dies, in the direction of also excluding Nazis and fascists.

APPLYING THE SPIRIT of the resolution, which the New York Corporation Counsel William C. Chanler (all-outer than the all-outest in aid to Britain) has solemnly assured the Board is legal, the Board has begun its attacks on individuals named before the Coudert committee by witnesses protected from the devastation of cross-examination. On March 15 I learned from newspaper headlines that I had been suspended without pay from my position in the English Department, after thirteen years of service, pending "trial" of charges before the Board. On March 26 Arthur R. Braunlich, Jr., colleague in the English Department for ten years, was similarly suspended without pay. On March 31 John Kenneth Ackley, Registrar of the College, joined our ranks. But it was on April 22 that a real fascist wave descended on the college, when eleven teachers and clerical workers were suspended without pay.

Then on April 23 insult was added to outrage, when the Board committee recommended the summary dismissal of David Goldway, for twelve years an English instructor in the college preparatory school, Townsend Harris High, legislative representative of the College Teachers Union, and vice-chairman of the Committee for Defense of Public Education. Goldway's crime was that the Coudert committee had refused to allow him to testify unless he signed a waiver of his constitutional immunity, which Goldway refused to do. Within three hours after he left the stand, the Board committee had recommended him for dismissal, without suspension, without charges, without a hearing, without anything but an exhibition of brazen tyranny.

And more suspensions are threatened. In a score of households, families avidly read the daily papers, fearful lest the cherished name be encountered in the news columns as the latest victim. It is to be noted that the Board committee that drafts the charges on which we are being suspended, consists of three of LaGuardia's recent liberal appointees: Lauson Stone, son of the Supreme Court Justice, Ira Hirschman, vice-president of Bloomingdale's, and Mrs. Ruth Shoup.

BUT NO SOONER had the Board of Higher Education begun its siege than District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey charged into the picture. On March 17 I was arrested in the offices of the New York College Teachers Union by five detectives, lodged in the Tombs for a day, and released on $5,000 bail pending trial on a charge of perjury. The bail was fixed at $5,000 after Sol Gelb of the district attorney's office had argued before Judge John J. Sullivan that the first thing I would do after leaving the Tombs would be to telephone Stalin to ask him whether I should return for trial. The $5,000 was to guarantee that I would disregard Stalin's advice if it should be to run away! This was my first direct contact with the operations of justice.

Lest this triple-threat action by the Rapp-Coudert committee, the Board of Higher Education, and the district attorney—with the capitalist press boiling everything in the timely caldrons of hysteria—be regarded as too, too extreme, consider the times, consider the current customs. On March 27 did not a congressman from Texas rise in the House and, with poll-tax fervor, demand that legislation be passed that would provide "the electric chair" for strikers in war industries? And that Cong. Hatton W. Sumners is chairman of what is humorlessly called the Judiciary Committee! The czar's troops shot down strikers; Hitler's storm troopers execute strikers; in our own land, strikers have been killed time without number; but always these murders have been recognized in civilized circles as tyranny. It waited for an American congressman to propose, soberly, that tyranny become law. In such a context, the penalty I face, $20,000 fine and twenty years in prison, seems like a commutation of sentence.

The question is: why the unprecedented ferocity and comprehensiveness of the attack? In general, the answer is that the war makers have tried for more than a year to persuade the American people and the American college student to become enthusiastic targets in the war, and, having failed, must now resort to extraordinary methods of intimidation and terror. An article by Pres. Charles Seymour of Yale is especially illuminating. Seymour, it will be remembered, was a historian before he became a college president. He conceived his historic task to be to demonstrate in many volumes that the last war was really fought for democracy, that, in fact, our entry into the war was in no way stimulated, influenced, or guided by the interests of the House of Morgan, the House of Rockefeller, the House of du Pont, or other houses of ill-repute. Writing in the Magazine Section of the New York *Times* of Sept. 29, 1940, he therefore lamented:

> . . . it is certain that the prevailing attitude of students in our universities has been definitely opposed to any intervention in the European war and to any measures that might tend to bring us into the war. It differs in marked fashion from the undergraduate attitude, as I watched it in 1916 and 1917, when there was much enthusiasm for entrance into the war, practically no objection to it, and an almost universal desire after the declaration of war in 1917 to get overseas and to fight.

Further on, Seymour confesses to incompetence either as a historian or as a teacher of history:

> It is naturally very difficult (and I have had the experience in my own history classes) to persuade these students that there was any real idealism involved in the last war. They have constantly been warned against a propaganda which might trick them into another. . . . Their opposition to American intervention in Europe in behalf of a democratic ideal is not difficult to understand.

Confronted with a problem, however, Seymour is not unresourceful.

> In all our classes there should be a more positive interpretation of the past, a greater willingness on the part of the instructor to express his own conviction and to defend it.

Thus does an authoritarian college president command his teachers to use the classroom as an agency for propaganda to make the student body more receptive to the demagogy



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connected with the present imperialist war. That Seymour's is no isolated utterance may be gathered from professional educational journals. During the last Thanksgiving holiday, teachers of history met in conference at Princeton University; their thoughts on the last war are reported briefly in an article, "Teachers of History Discuss Relative Emphases on Peace and War," in *School and Society,* Dec. 7, 1940. Heed the following excerpt from the report: Prof. Edward M. Earle of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton "condemned as 'utterly grotesque' the conception that we entered the war in 1917 because the American public was 'bamboozled' by British propaganda, international bankers, and munitions makers; and he held that the cynicism of youth today is a fact for which all teachers must share responsibility. . . ."

This problem of the teaching and writing of history is sharply in the foreground in the Rapp-Coudert assault because the history department was singled out for special treatment. William Martin Canning, the star bearer of false witness against his colleagues, "alleged" that seven or eight history teachers at City and Brooklyn Colleges were involved in a Communist scheme to rewrite American history by distorting it. Despite convincing denials at both private and public hearings, this "charge" was headlined on the front pages at a time when *Oliver Wiswell* was being hailed as a novel of the American Revolution, and when the film *Santa Fe* was traducing the memory of John Brown. It was picked up by those who revel in the historicity of *Gone With the Wind,* book and film, and who seek to revive the showing of *The Birth of a Nation.* The thieves cried, "Stop, thief."

If the attack on the New York colleges can best be interpreted as a part of the general war drive against labor and education, the selection of the City College and Brooklyn College as the first "fortresses of democracy" to storm becomes understandable. The students at City College have a long history of progressive action, especially against fascism and war. They fought the Red-baiting former president, Frederick B. Robinson, to a standstill—losing forty-two by expulsion, of course—and helped drive him into retirement. They were the first college in the Northeast, if not in the country, to ask for, press for, and get a course in the history of the Negro people, currently taught by Dr. Max Yergan, now president of the National Negro Congress. [As NEW MASSES goes to press, word comes that Dr. Yergan will also be dropped from the faculty.] Fifteen years ago they ended a successful campaign against compulsory ROTC. They have often been an inspiration to America's students and a good many of the teachers too.

Of the staffs of the City College, it need merely be recorded that they contain more union members than any other college in the country. They have supplied a considerable portion of the leadership and active membership of the New York College Teachers Union, largest such local in the country. They have militantly led the staffs in struggle for tangible achievements: by-laws tending to democratize the functioning of the colleges, a tenure law, improved conditions for promotion, reinstatement of victimized teachers, and the protection, hitherto, of academic freedom. They participated with the rest of labor in action for progressive causes involving civil rights and social legislation. They were guilty of the popular sin of fighting fascism long before Knudsen proclaimed his distaste for it.

Such students and such teachers are obviously to be regarded as a menace to reaction and its domestic and foreign policy. They have no great enthusiasm for the war. Too many of them have the habit of thinking independently, of acting in concert, of valuing democracy as a way of living rather than as a way of talking. They are organized. Any fascist, any open-shop saboteur of democracy, any labor spy could write a plan of attack for reaction, given this situation. Red-bait. Attack the union as Red-dominated. Use a few "liberals" to lend respectability to the smear. Gag the students by preventing them from hearing speakers of their own choice. Fire some of the most active teachers and trade unionists. Scare the rest. If they don't scare that easily, pin a criminal charge on one of them; if the others still don't scare, at

Jamison

*"The damn thing keeps saying 'Beware the people!'"*



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least the charge will shake off the fence onto the side of reaction some who still stubbornly said the issue was academic freedom. These are the tactics, these are the slogans, this is the reasoning—laid bare—of growing American fascism trying to coordinate its free school system.

In the front lines are the bravest and most clear-eyed of the teachers. To have known them, worked with them, and to be fighting side by side with them is a rare pride. Ackley, with a highly paid administrative position at stake, leading the defiant file to the witness stand and telling the Coudert committee to its face that he knows he is only being used as the "stalking horse for my own persecution." Morris U. Cohen, internationally recognized as a chemical specialist in X-ray work, exacting a sudden stillness from the courtroom with the words: "Only a boy named Cohen could know what it meant to me to be offered a chance to teach at City College." Eisenberger, fidgeting like a manacled giant as the committee refused to allow him to make his statement, finally compelling Coudert to let him read his rabbi's character testimonial and the President of the Congregation's letter to Governor Lehman urging him to veto the appropriations for Coudert. Balamuth, with documents and photostats to refute testimony about him, winning the respect of even the hard-boiled press table. Lloyd Motz, collaborator with Nobel prize winner Fermi in a work on astro-physics, indicting the entire school administration by his quiet statement that with all his academic attainments, his total income from his teaching at City College for many years was $600 a year. And Goldway, executive, administrator, union leader of real stature, insisting that somebody must challenge the Coudert committee's disregard for constitutional safeguards and that he would do it by beginning at the beginning, refusing to waive immunity. But to have singled these few out is to have done injustice to every other. Only men and women fired with a deep loyalty to democracy and filled with a passionate belief in labor and the people could stand so firm and fight so well. Labor and cooperating groups established the free city college by referendum in 1847. They cannot afford to let the enemies of labor and education take the college away from the people.

MORRIS U. SCHAPPES.

## Even from a McNutt It's True

"IT WOULD seem that some of our so-called 'finer families' in some communities are very glad to have our young men give up their lives, jobs, and even risk their lives for their country, but these boys are not considered 'good enough' to mingle with the very families who receive the benefits of their military training," says Paul V. McNutt, complaining to the DAR convention that " 'blue-blooded' daughters are not being permitted to dance with 'draftees.' "—*New York "Herald Tribune."*

## WHO THEY ARE

WHO are the men and women who have been charged with being subversive and unfit to teach by the Rapp-Coudert committee and the Board of Higher Education of New York City? Their academic records alone refute the calumnies of their inquisitors. We present here a brief summary of the work of the fifteen persons who have been suspended. (One, David Goldway, has been dismissed.)

JOHN KENNETH ACKLEY, Registrar of City College. BA City College, 1928. Appointed clerical assistant in 1928; and Registrar in 1934. An efficient administrator whose work has been commended by Col. Oliver P. Robinson, professor of Military Science and Tactics at City College.

JETTA ALPERT, clerical assistant. Graduate of Townsend Harris High School.

LEWIS BALAMUTH, instructor in physics. BS City College, 1927; PhD Columbia, 1934. Connected with City College as student or teacher since the age of twelve—some twenty-three years. Member of the American Physical Society. Since 1934, he has been continuously engaged in study and research in the field of theoretical physics. Has contributed to *Physics Review, American Physics Teacher, and Journal of Chemical Physics.* Elected to Sigma Xi and Epsilon Pi, honorary scientific fraternities. The chairman and three other leading members of his department issued a statement protesting the accusations that have been made against him and declaring that "His integrity is absolutely above reproach."

DR. SAUL BERNSTEIN, instructor in biology for fourteen years. BA Columbia University 1926, where he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. MA Columbia, 1928, PhD Columbia, 1937, his doctorate thesis being published in the December 1937 issue of the *American Journal of Physiology.* Elected to Sigma Xi. Has devoted much time to research in nerve physiology at Columbia Medical Center.

ARTHUR R. BRAUNLICH, tutor in English since 1931. BA Dartmouth, 1922. MA Columbia, 1923. Was active in the Anti-Fascist Association and Instructional Staff Association at City College. An official of the American Labor Party. In last election received 19,000 votes as candidate for state assembly of both ALP and Republican Party.

DAVID COHEN, library assistant. BS in Social Science, City College, 1930; MS, 1934; BS in Library Service, Columbia, 1939. Member of American Library Association, Metropolitan Library Council of New York, and Library Staff Association of City Colleges.

MORRIS U. COHEN, instructor in chemistry since 1930. BS City College, 1930. MA Columbia, 1932; PhD Columbia, 1935. As student was elected to Phi Beta Kappa and was graduated *cum laude.* His doctorate thesis received world-wide notice among workers in field of X-ray research. Designed and constructed X-ray equipment and cameras at the college which are unexcelled in precision by any apparatus in the world. Chosen instructor in graduate division of Brooklyn College for a course in chemical thermodynamics, whereupon registration in the course tripled. Engaged in preparation of a new textbook in physical chemistry.

SIDNEY EISENBERGER, instructor in chemistry for eleven years. BS City College, 1928; ChE City College, 1931; MS Columbia, 1934. Is now within a few weeks of completion of his work for PhD at Columbia. Has done research in paints, varnishes, synthetic resins, and fertilizers. Chairman of Public Relations Committee of Chemistry Department and member of Public Relations Committee of Faculty. Helped organize Engineering Alumni of City College.

JACK D. FONER, instructor in history since 1933. BA City College, 1932; MA Columbia, 1933. Is engaged in research and the writing of a doctoral thesis on the history of the War Department from 1865 to 1905. Co-author with Dr. J. Alexis Friedman of *A Genetic Approach to Modern European History,* published by College Entrance Book Co. In March 1937 Prof. Nelson P. Mead, former acting president of City College and now head of its History Department, wrote of him: "Mr. Jack Foner is a young man who gives real promise of scholarly production. I regard Mr. Foner as one of the most remarkable young teachers in the department."

DAVID GOLDWAY, instructor in English at Townsend Harris High School. Former instructor at evening session of City College. BS City College, 1928; MA City College, 1932. Regarding him and Lester Winter, another Townsend Harris teacher under Rapp-Coudert fire, the English Department of that school wrote: "As teachers they are devoted to their calling, capable in the discharge of their duties, and generous of themselves and their energies in the incidence of their employment." Is vice-chairman of the Committee for the Defense of Public Education set up by Teachers Union Locals 5 and 537.

LOUIS LERMAN, in charge of commerce office of School of Education, graduate division of City College. Employed in School of Education for almost ten years. Has published several short stories, one of which is included in *Proletarian Literature in the United States.*

SAMUEL MARGOLIS, library assistant. BA City College, 1933; BS in Library Service, Columbia, 1937; MS in Education, City College, 1938.

JESSE MINTUS, clerk in Registrar's office since 1931. BA City College, 1931, graduating *magna cum laude* and being elected to Phi Beta Kappa. Won Claflin Prize for proficiency in Greek. Completed a year's postgraduate study in Latin and Greek at Columbia; also did work in Sanskrit and comparative philology.

WALTER SCOTT NEFF, instructor in psychology. BA University of Pennsylvania, 1930; MA Pennsylvania, 1931; PhD Cornell, 1936. Has done research and contributed to the scholarly journals. Is executive secretary of New York district of American Peace Mobilization.

MORRIS U. SCHAPPES, tutor in English for thirteen years. BA City College, 1928; MA Columbia, 1930. Has contributed to publications of Modern Language Association, *American Literature, Saturday Review of Literature,* NEW MASSES, *Nation, NY Post,* and *NY Teacher.* Was one of signers of call of first American Writers Congress.



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# FRANCO WALKS THE TIGHTROPE

***He eyes the Nazi successes in the Balkans and Africa, but British sea power still encircles Spain. The economic factors. Which way will the dictator fall?***

NO MAN today awaits the outcome of the events in the eastern Mediterranean and African war areas more anxiously than the dictator of Spain. Despite surface appearances to the contrary, Spain's dominant policy continues to be one of partial and indirect collaboration with British imperialism. It is this which enables Spain to maintain some semblance of non-belligerence as country after country is sucked into the war. And it is this, together with the most implacable terror, that preserves Franco's power.

It is true that the British position in Spain has in recent months been considerably weakened. The defeat of France meant that the government of Spain's neighbor to the northeast became pro-German instead of pro-British. And the occupation of part of France brought the German army directly to the Spanish frontier. On the other hand, the British continue to control the Atlantic and Mediterranean. From a military standpoint Spain is more vulnerable by sea than by land. Even though German pressure has increased, it cannot yet overcome the weight of British sea power in the councils of the Franco dictatorship. In addition, England is still the dominant factor in Spain's western neighbor, Portugal. The air bases at Gibraltar and those which the British would be able to establish in Portugal and in the Spanish-owned Balearic and Canary Islands are also considerations which Franco cannot ignore. Moreover, a considerable part of the Spanish army is in Africa. Should Spain become involved in the war on Germany's side this army could be blockaded. Even should it be able to resist for a while in the interior of the country, it would be almost impossible to prevent a British landing at any point on the coast.

THERE ARE ALSO economic factors that operate in Britain's favor. If Spain casts in its lot with Germany, who would feed the Spanish army? There are no food reserves in the country and hunger is more widespread than anywhere in Europe. What food Spain is able to import comes to her by sea with England's permission. With the sea lanes closed, she would be unable to obtain even a grain of wheat. Thus, apart from the historic ties of the Spanish reactionaries with British imperialism, and apart from the opposition of the people, the military and economic circumstances impose on Franco non-participation in the war. That is why Franco resisted Axis pressure at Hendaye and Ventimiglia and refused the demands of his former allies. The question remains, however, whether he will not in the near future be forced to capitulate. This question is likely to be resolved, for the present at least, by the outcome of events in Africa and the Near East. For if Hitler were stopped in Egypt or in the attempt to move through Turkey, it is probable that he would turn in the opposite direction and make an effort to cut the western artery of the British empire by a drive on Gibraltar through Spain.

But Spain's entry into the war would be fraught with the greatest danger for the Franco regime. How could Franco avoid, even with the help of German and possibly French troops, the further destruction of the already destroyed Spain by the English navy and air force? How could he prevent the total blockade of the Spanish coast? Above all, how could he hold back the chief threat to his political system, the Spanish people? For the Spanish people, unlike the peoples of the other countries that Hitler has conquered, have gone through a political and military experience that would make it impossible for the Nazis to duplicate the situation in Norway, Denmark, Belgium, Holland, France, Rumania, and Bulgaria. Twelve million Spaniards who lived under republican liberty, and owned land of their own, now slave from sunup to sundown for a wage of two pesetas. Twelve million people fought heroically for nearly three years against fascist invasion. And let it be remembered that the Spanish people have never given up the struggle against fascism. Two million Spanish republicans in Franco's jails and concentration camps are living testimony of the unceasing fight for liberty that is carried on throughout Spain. The terror imposed by Franco and the Falange are signs of weakness, their desperate defense against the struggle of the masses.

How could Franco sustain a war, no matter what the support given him by Hitler or Petain, if behind him there is a nation that is lying in wait for the propitious moment to give his despotism the *coup de grace?* There is, moreover, division within his own ranks. The reactionary monarchists support Britain; in the event of a popular insurrection as a consequence of Spain's entry into the war, they might, as in 1931, try to save themselves and let the revolt crush Franco as before it crushed the king.

Britain is aware of this situation and actively exploits it. The British imperialists were the real impresarios of the Franquist uprising; it is they who from the time of Napoleon have been the main support of Spanish reaction. What is the meaning of the recent elevation of Juan, son of Alphonso XIII, to the hypothetical throne? Wrote the United Press on that occasion: "Reichsfuehrer Hitler was reported in diplomatic quarters to be angered by the naming of Juan, pointing out that the youth was educated in England as a naval officer and might work against Germany's war time interests." The monarchists are, in fact, giving a number of unequivocal warnings that if Franco accedes to the wishes of the Axis, they will side with Britain. The measures which the Duke of Alba, representative of Spanish reaction and at the same time unconditional instrument of British imperialism, is now carrying out in Madrid seek to strengthen British influence as against the pro-Axis activity of the Falangists.

The British, of course, are too shrewd to depend merely on these Spanish agents. Franco himself is the product of British complicity in the fascist invasion of Spain. And today where would Franco be without Britain? It is the Churchill government which has enabled him to make the arrangements with Argentina for the shipment of wheat. And it is the Churchill government which has succeeded in getting the United States to make available two small consignments of cotton for the manufacture of Catalan textiles, and dollars to finance their sale. England has in this manner taken Franco by the throat. The first hostile move of Spain against her will result in the immediate suspension of wheat from the Argentine, of United States aid, of the very little which somewhat allays the pangs of hunger and poverty under the Franco regime.

The development of the war has permitted Franco to continue until now his difficult tightrope walk. In order to preserve his influence in Spain Hitler has been compelled to compromise with the limitations of this puny dictator. The German successes in the eastern Mediterranean make possible a continuation of this compromise and the postponement of Franco's ultimate decision. But should unexpected difficulties develop in the Nazi thrust into the near Near East, it might suddenly turn west. Meanwhile, with British sea power still encircling Spain, Franco preserves his delicate balance. For how long?

CESAR FALCON.



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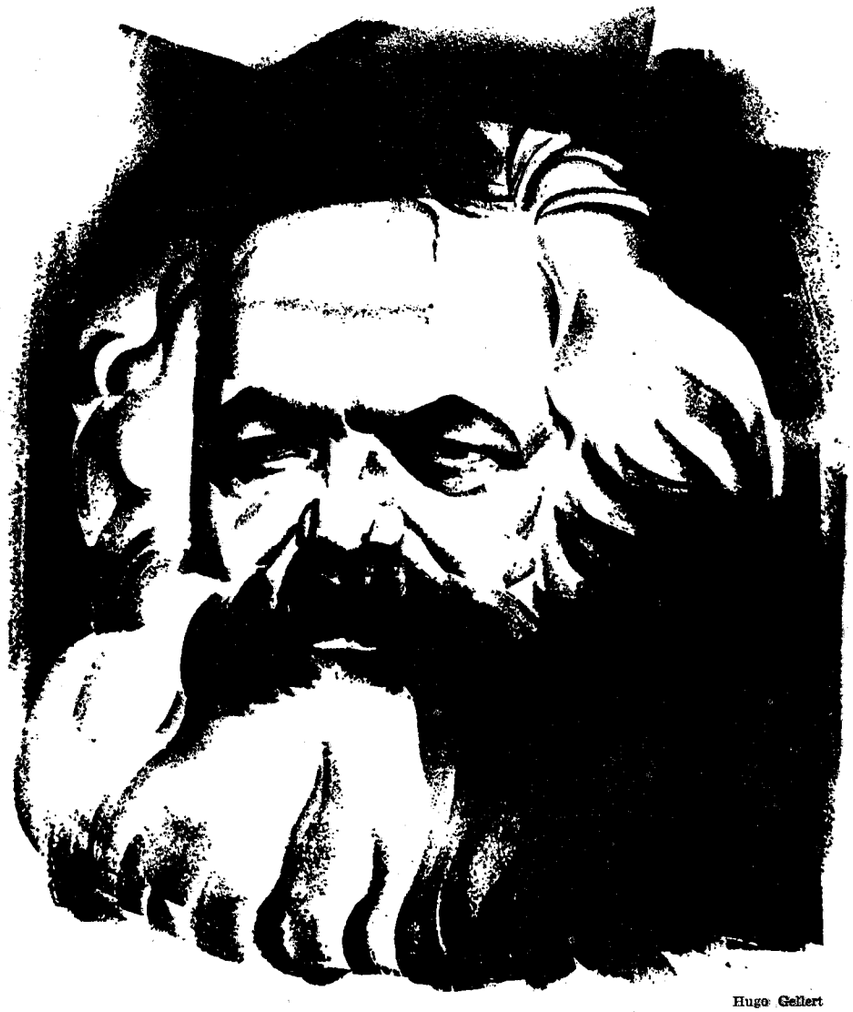
# KARL MARX AT HOME

***The titan of the poor was a gentle, considerate father. Paul Lafargue, his son-in-law, describes some little known aspects of Marx's personality. His deep love for Engels.***



Hugo Gellert

***May 5 is the one hundred and twenty-third anniversary of the birth of Karl Marx, founder of scientific Communism and one of the titans of world history. On this occasion we are republishing a section of an article of personal recollections of Marx written in 1890 by his son-in-law, Paul Lafargue, who for many years before the World War was one of the leading figures of the French Socialist Party.***—The Editors.

THOSE who would know the man's heart and love it, that heart which beat so warmly beneath the outer wrappings of the scholar, had to see Marx when his books and manuscripts had been thrust aside—in the bosom of his family, and on Sunday evenings in the circle of his friends. At such times he was a most delightful companion, sparkling with wit and bubbling over with humor, one whose laugh came from the depths. His dark eyes would twinkle merrily beneath his bushy eyebrows when he listened to some bright sally or apt rejoinder.

He was a gentle, tender, and considerate father. A favorite phrase of his was: "Children must educate their parents." His daughters loved him ardently, and in the relationship between him and them there never lowered any shadow of paternal authority. He never ordered them about, being content to ask them to do him a favor, or to beg them not to do something which he would rather they left undone. Yet seldom was a father's counsel more gladly listened to than his. His daughters looked on him as their friend and playmate. They did not address him as "Father," but as *"Mohr"*—a nickname which had been given him because of his dark complexion and his ebony locks and beard. On the other hand, as far back as 1848 when he was not yet thirty, to his fellow members of the Communist League he was "Father Marx."

He would spend hours playing with his children. They still remember fierce sea fights. Having made whole fleets of paper boats, and put them to sail in a bucket, he would then—amid jubilation—set fire to his mimic warships. On Sundays the girls would not allow him to work; he was theirs for the day. When the weather was fine, the whole family would go for a country walk, stopping at a wayside pub for a modest luncheon of bread and cheese with ginger beer. When the children were still quite small, he would shorten the miles for them by telling them stories without an end, fairy tales invented as he went along and spun out to fit the length of the tramp, so that his hearers forgot their fatigue. Marx had a fertile imagination, and his first literary ventures were poems. His wife treasured these youthful efforts, but would not let any one see them. Marx's parents had intended their son to become a man of letters or a university professor. In their view he degraded himself by adopting the career of socialist agitator, and by devoting himself to the study of political economy (a subject then little esteemed in Germany).

MARX ONCE PROMISED his daughters that he would write them a play about the Gracchi. Unfortunately this scheme never ripened. It would have been interesting to see what "the knight of the class war," as he was sometimes called, would have made of the theme—a dread and splendid episode in the class struggles of the antique world. This was but one of many plans that were never carried out. For instance, he designed to write a work on logic, and another on the history of philosophy, the latter having been one of his favorite studies in earlier days. He would have needed to live to a hundred to have a chance of writing all the books he had planned, and of presenting to the world a fair proportion of the wealth with which his mind was stored.

Throughout his married life, his wife was a companion in the fullest sense of the word. They had known one another in childhood, and had grown up together. Marx was only eighteen when they were betrothed. They had to wait seven years before their marriage in 1843, but thenceforward they were never separated until Frau Marx died, not long before her husband. Although she had come from a German noble family, no one could have had a more lively sense of equality than she. For her, social differences and class distinctions did not exist. In her house, at her table, workmen in their working clothes were welcomed with as much cordiality as if they had been dukes or princes of the blood royal. Many workers from all lands enjoyed her hospitality, and I am sure that none of those whom she received with such simple and unfeigned kindliness ever dreamed that their hostess was descended in the female line from the dukes of Argyll, or that her brother had been Minister of State to the king of Prussia. Nor were these things of any moment to her. She had left them all to follow Karl Marx's



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stormy fortunes; and she never regretted the step, not even in the days of their greatest poverty.

She had a serene and cheerful temperament. Her letters to her friends, effortless outpourings of her facile pen, were the masterly productions of a lively and original mind. Her correspondents regarded the days on which these letters arrived as days of rejoicing. Johann Philip Becker has published a number of them. Heine, the ruthless satirist, dreaded Marx's mockery, but he had a great admiration for the keen and sensitive intelligence of Frau Marx. When the pair visited Paris, he was a frequent guest in their house. Marx had so much respect for his wife's critical faculties that (as he told me in 1866) he submitted all his manuscripts to her, and greatly valued her judgment upon them. She copied his writings before they went to press.

Frau Marx had a good many children. Three of these died quite young during the phase of penury through which the family passed after the revolution of 1848, when they were refugees in London living in two small rooms in Dean St., Soho. When I got to know the family, they had only three children left, all girls. Then, in 1865, the youngest (now Mrs. Aveling) was a delightful child, more like a boy than a girl. Marx was wont to say that his wife had made a blunder about the sex when she gave Eleanor to the world. The two other daughters formed the most charming and harmonious contrast that can be conceived. The elder (now Madame Longuet) was of a swarthy complexion like her father, with dark eyes and raven locks; the younger (now Madame Lafargue) took after her mother, having a fair skin, rosy cheeks, and a wealth of curly hair, sun-kissed, with a golden sheen.

In addition to those already named, there was another important member of the Marx family, Helene Demuth by name. Of peasant birth, she had become a servant maid in the Westphalen family when quite young, long before Jenny von Westphalen married Karl Marx. When the marriage took place, Helene would not part from Frau Marx, but followed the fortunes of the Marx family with the most self-sacrificing devotion. She accompanied Marx and his wife in their wanderings, and shared in their various expulsions. The practical spirit of the household, she knew how to make the best of the most difficult situations. It was thanks to her orderliness, thrift, and mother-wit that the family never had to endure the worst extremity of destitution. A mistress of all domestic arts, she acted as cook and housemaid, and also cut out the children's clothes, stitching them with Frau Marx's help. She was simultaneously housekeeper and major-domo. The children loved her like a mother; and she, returning their love, wielded a mother's influence over them. Both Marx and his wife regarded her as a dear friend. Marx played chess with her, and sometimes got the worst of the encounter. Helene's love for the Marxes was uncritical. Everything they did was right, and could not be bettered; any one who found fault with them had to reckon with her. All the intimates of the household were mothered by her, for she had, so to say, adopted the family and its friends. Having survived Marx and his wife, she has now transferred her kindly attentions to the Engels' household. She had met Engels in youth, and became almost as fond of him and his as of the Marxes.

Besides, Engels might for practical purposes be looked upon as a member of the Marx family. The girls spoke of him as their second father. He was Marx's alter ego. In Germany for years they were invariably spoken of together as "Marx and Engels," and history has united their names on the title pages of their joint works. In our modern age, Marx and Engels realized the ideal of friendship portrayed by the writers of classical antiquity. They had become acquainted in youth, had undergone a parallel development, had lived in the most intimate community of thoughts and feelings, had participated in revolutionary agitation, and had worked side by side as long as they could. Presumably they would have done so throughout life, had not circumstances forced them apart for twenty years. After the defeat of the revolution of 1848, Engels had to go to Manchester, while Marx was compelled to stay in London. Nonetheless they continued to share their intellectual life by means of an exchange of letters. Almost daily they wrote to one another about political and scientific happenings, and about the work on which they were respectively engaged. As soon as Engels could break the chains which fettered him to Manchester, he hastened to set up house in London only ten minutes' walk from his beloved Marx. From 1870 till Marx's death in 1883, hardly a day passed on which they did not see one another, either at Marx's or at Engels'.

DURING THE PERIOD of Engels' residence in Manchester, there were always great rejoicings in the Marx household when Engels announced his intention to visit London. The coming was a topic of conversation for days in advance; and when the time drew near, Marx was so impatient that he could not work. At length came the hour of reunion, and then the two friends would spend the whole night together, smoking over their beer, and talking of all that had happened since their last meeting.

Marx valued Engels' opinion more than any one else's. Engels was the man he deemed worthy to be his collaborator. In fact, Engels was for him a whole audience, a whole public. To convince Engels, to win Engels over to an idea, no labor seemed to Marx excessive. For instance, I have known him to re-read entire volumes in search of facts required to change Engels' opinion concerning some minor detail (I cannot now recall what it was) in the political and religious war of the Albigenses. To convince Engels was a triumph.

Marx was proud of Engels. He luxuriated in numbering off to me all his friend's moral and intellectual merits; and he made a special journey to Manchester in order to show Engels off to me. He admired the remarkable versatility of Engels' knowledge; and he was uneasy at the possibility of any accident that might befall his old companion. "I am terrified lest he should be thrown, on one of his mad cross-country gallops," Marx once said.

Marx was as good a friend as he was a loving husband and father. His wife, his daughters, Helene Demuth, and Friedrich Engels were beings worthy the love of such a man as himself.

PAUL LAFARGUE.

*News Item: "There were severe criticisms of Sir Samuel Hoare, Britain's ambassador to Spain, but Mr. Churchill remained unmoved, paid tribute to Sir Samuel, saying that he had improved Anglo-Spanish relations."*



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# MAY 1ST: *THE SUN OF TOMORROW*

*by Elizabeth Gurley Flynn*

"PRIMO *Maggio, il sole dell' Avvenire*"—"May First, the sun of tomorrow!" as our Italian comrades so beautifully express it, is here again. It links ancient traditions, these modern times, and the future. Always a people's natural holiday, since time immemorial it was the occasion for the gathering of the poor and lowly for one gala day of festivity. For the last fifty-five years it has been universally recognized and cherished by workers around the world as an International Labor Holiday. It is actually the only holiday celebrated internationally. It obliterates all differences of race, creed, color, and nationality. It celebrates the brotherhood of all workers everywhere. It crosses all national boundaries, it transcends all language barriers, it ignores all religious differences. It makes sharp and clear, around the world, the impassable chasm between all workers and all exploiters. It is the day when the class struggle in its most militant significance is reaffirmed by every conscious worker.

This day is to the enlightened worker an augury of a new world, a classless world, a peaceful world, a world without poverty or misery. It is the glowing promise of socialism, the real brotherhood of mankind. On this day in 1941 the wise words of Lenin, "Life will assert itself. The Communists must know that the future at any rate is theirs," will light up the lonely jail cells of Browder and Thaelmann and countless others. Low-hummed snatches of revolutionary song will be heard in concentration camps. On the sea, in military barracks, in the forced labor of factory or mill, the hearts of the driven workers will beat in unison with those far away who parade joyously behind gleaming red banners, to stirring music on Moscow's Red Square. "Do your damnedest to us!" they mutter between clenched teeth, the conscripts in European trenches, the prisoners in Franco's dungeons, in Hitler's hell holes, in Mussolini's prisons; "Your days are numbered. You can't stop the final victory of the people!"

International? That must be "foreign," many folks mistakenly infer. But what could be more international in its origin and population than these United States? Proudly we declare *May Day is American.* It is not a foreign idea. Many good ideas came from abroad, but this is an American idea exported to all other countries from America. May Day as an official labor holiday was born in the fierce struggles of the eighties to establish an eight-hour day. Workers of all nationalities, immigrants, political refugees, exiles, from every foreign land; native born grandsons of the American Revolution and Civil War veterans made a common, determined demand: *"Eight hours shall constitute a legal day's work from and after May First, 1886."* The Federation of Organized Trades and Labor Unions of the United States and Canada (later to become the American Federation of Labor) called upon the workers to down tools. Enthusiastic, they poured out in the first American general strike. It spread from city to city, over 3,000 miles. The whole continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, was astir: 192,000 won the demand.

The employing class, appalled at the solidarity of the workers, struck back viciously. Six workers were killed and many wounded at the McCormick Harvester Works in Chicago. May Day was baptized in the blood of American workers. A protest meeting on Haymarket Square May 4, 1886, resulted in another bloody battle and a bomb frameup. It caused the railroading to the gallows of Albert Parsons (whose ancestor had been at Valley Forge) and three of his comrades, Engel, Fischer, and Spies. *"Let the voice of the people be heard!"* cried Parsons, as the noose tightened around his neck. It has been, it ever will be on May Day, brave martyred hero of yesterday! This year the newly organized, victorious strikers of the International Harvester Works in Chicago will hallow your names on May first.

The struggle for the eight-hour day was renewed. The AFL decided to reinaugurate it on May 1, 1890. To widen its effectiveness they sent delegates across the sea to Paris to the International Labor Congress. They proposed that May first be officially declared an international labor holiday. This was done, amid great enthusiasm, on July 14, 1889, the 100th anniversary of the Fall of the Bastile, after the delegates had heard recounted the struggles of the brave American workers. With the passing of the years the growing needs of international labor expanded the significance of May Day far beyond the eight-hour demand. Rosa Luxemburg, brave woman Socialist of Germany, who was later brutally murdered by the militarists, sounded the alarm against a World War in 1913. She called upon the workers to make May Day a mighty demonstration for peace and socialism. *"Workers of the World, Unite!"* became the insistent cry on May Day. Every vital issue was pressed, more and more militant slogans raised in each country and internationally.

Are you a bad member of your family because you go out of your home to be a good citizen of your state? Are you a traitor to



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"Your many articles clarifying the issues which confront us today are helping to dispel the effects of the ignorance of a great number of people on the underlying political and social issues."

**WALTER RAUTENSTRAUCH**

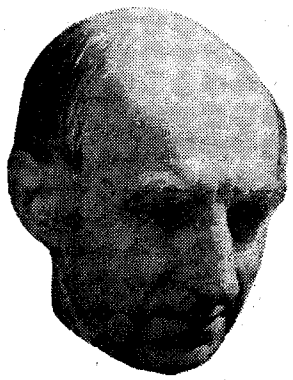
—Professor of Industrial Engineering, Columbia University.

**IEW**

"I find NEW MASSES indispensable. Every progressive American must read a publication so necessary to a full understanding of our problems."

**PAUL ROBESON**

—World famous singer and actor.



"In the more than twenty years that I have been teaching in New York the NEW MASSES has been on the students' required reference list in a course that is based on journalistic sources. There are young preachers in several denominations scattered over this country whose eyes it has helped to open."

**DR. HARRY F. WARD**

—Professor of Christian Ethics at Union Theological Seminary.

"NEW MASSES represents the great creative movement of the people in its broadest aspect."

**EARL BROWDER**

—General Secretary of the Communist Party.

"NEW MASSES is the one magazine in the United States that acts as an avenue between creative writers and their audience. For over thirty years it has been consistently for the people, and that is because the people own the magazine and have preserved it in their own image."

**RUTH McKENNEY**

—Novelist, author of the best-selling "My Sister Eileen," "Industrial Valley."

"During these days of war, NEW MASSES gives unique voice and utterance to the aspirations of peace-loving men."

**RICHARD WRIGHT**

—Novelist, author of "Native Son" and "Uncle Tom's Children."

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# SEVEN PROMINENT AMERICANS GIVE THEIR POINT OF

You have read what these seven Americans feel about NEW MASSES.

And you agree with them. We are sure you must, for if you didn't, then NEW MASSES could not have remained alive as a champion of peace, of liberty, of democracy. It would have died years ago.

But you did stand with these seven, you did keep the magazine alive to fight in the front lines for these thirty years. It marched again this May Day in a thousand cities and villages of America where men voiced the ideas this magazine stands for.

You want to keep it marching; we know you do. But we must tell you the harsh truth that NEW MASSES is in the gravest crisis of its history.

Our business manager just reported on our financial status. The creditors will close the magazine down by May 15 if we do not have $5,000 for them by that date.

We need not reiterate here that the magazine requires a $25,000 drive every spring to pull through the year. We have not even reached the halfway mark. To date we have raised only $12,426.

We believe this, know this: that if you, our readers, truly understood how critical matters were here, you would not hesitate. We would hear from you by return mail.

We know that your attention is taken, and justly so, by a dozen other calls. You are not rich people. But we emphasize this: can these other causes be successful if NEW MASSES dies? It is the fountainhead of many of them, a spokesman for all of them. We believe that all progressive life in America will suffer if there is no NEW MASSES to speak out.

You know that Mr. Knox, Secretary of the Navy (publisher of one of the country's biggest papers) will not speak for you. Nor will Roy Howard, nor Ralph Ingersoll, nor Col. Adler, nor any of the host of publishers who have just finished their annual meeting madly cheering Mr. Roosevelt's war song.

NEW MASSES alone remains the weekly organ of the people who dream of security, of freedom. And who work for these goals.

On this May Day seven prominent Americans have written us their opinion of NEW MASSES. They say this magazine must not die. We believe, we know, you agree with them.

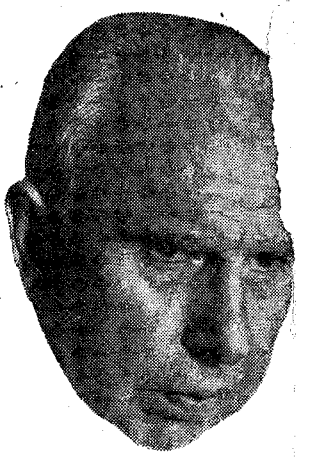
But your regard, your love for this magazine, will not save it unless you are moved to immediate response.

THE EDITORS.

*(Please turn to page 28)*

**"The most important magazine in the country, in my opinion, is NEW MASSES which has carried the banner for honesty in writing for some thirty years. I think it's putting up a damned good fight to keep America from sending another couple of million boys to be slaughtered off in a war that isn't ours."**

## THEODORE DREISER



—Dean of American letters, author of "An American Tragedy," "Sister Carrie," and many other best-sellers.

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your state because you are equally concerned about your country? Are you betraying your country if you are also an internationalist—dedicated to the brotherhood of man? Only workers are forbidden to be internationalists. It's perfectly proper for J. P. Morgan and Henry Ford; for the bankers, the munition trusts, the chemical companies. It's proper for scientists, stamp collectors, athletic associations, musicians, spiritualists, people who raise bees, to be internationalists—but not workers. Only the clasped hands of the workers across the boundaries are struck down in every country. It will pass for an anthropologist to say in abstruse language, "There is but one race—the human race!" But let a worker say, "Brother, fellow worker, comrade"—and there's hell to pay. He should be sent back where he came from! He should be deprived of his citizenship; he should lose his job; he should be jailed! If a Christ-like voice should challenge them: "But what about loving thy neighbor as thyself?" the wild man from Texas would roar: "Who said that? He's a Red, subversive, a trouble maker!" Let us be not dismayed in the slightest by all this frenzy. Let us remember the cool words of Lenin: *"Acting thus the bourgeoisie acts as did all classes condemned to death by history."* Every beautiful May Day of solidarity, triumph, and hope is another reminder to us to take "the long view"—the Bolshevik view of passing events. The road ahead may be rougher but it is shorter than the road behind.

Once they laughed at us, these rulers of America. We were still, small voices, crying in the wilderness, we were dreamers of idle dreams, Utopians; we couldn't change human nature. What would the world be without the profit incentive? Answer that now, you agitating soap boxer. We were as Vanzetti said: "Talking at street corners to scorning men!" But this was two decades ago. Now they know, the rulers of the world, that the era of socialism has begun. They have been tried and found wanting. The Union of Socialist Soviet Republics not only guarantees a peaceful, happy, secure life on one-sixth of the earth's surface to nearly 200,000,000 people. It is a constant inspiration to downtrodden and exploited workers in every capitalist country in the world to "go thou and do likewise!" On May Day we salute the Soviet Union —land of socialism—land of peace and plenty, the great ideal of labor since time immemorial, the cooperative commonwealth of all who toil. "It works, brothers!" they say in the deep, dark mines; "It works," they say by the blazing furnaces in the steel mills; "It works," says the tenant farmer; "It works," says the sailor in the hold of the ship and the truck driver rushing through the night. No bosses, no landlords, no bankers, no munitions makers, no loan sharks, no employment agencies; no child labor; no prostitution; no unfinished educations; no broken old age; no long hours; no low wages; no speed-up; no unemployment; no rich, no profiteers, no capitalism. Organization is the stage we have advanced to now. Music to the ears of an old time agitator is all the justified scorn and contempt the average worker expresses uncompromisingly of the boss class. These workers don't take off their hats; they don't say "Sir!" They are unafraid. There is a fighting class spirit abroad in this land today among the people.

MAY DAY traditionally celebrates victories won; makes new demands; presses forward slogans of immediate action. Have we won victories in 1941? You tell it, you hundreds of thousands, union men of Bethlehem Steel; US Steel; Allis Chalmers; International Harvester; New York Transport Co.; Ford Motor Co. Ten million organized workers in America today and more to come. Skilled and unskilled, black and white, native and immigrant, man and woman, young and old —shoulder to shoulder. Let the war mongers shout; let the profit-mad rave. *"We shall not be moved!"* retort these millions of American workers on May Day. There is nothing to be despondent about; nothing to be weary about—not so long as we are organizing and fighting. Not so long as we are holding what we have won in an iron grip; are moving forward, getting more. Not so long as there is unswerving resistance to the Roosevelt-Willkie war party among eighty-six percent of the American people. *Organize, Fight, Press Forward*—that's the spirit of America's May Day in 1941.

Organize and fight, to stay out of war! Against all imperialism and fascism, including American! Protect labor's rights to organize, to make demands, to strike. No blackout of the Bill of Rights. Defend the rights of minority parties—the Communist Party—vital test of the people's rights to free elections. Stop war profiteering. Lower the cost of living. Resist wage cuts and longer working hours. Free all fighters against imperialist war. *Free Earl Browder!* End Jim Crowism and anti-Semitism in our country. Cement a friendship with the Soviet Union. These slogans are aloft, the fighting slogans of America's May Day everywhere. *For peace and socialism* is in the hearts, in the minds, on the lips of millions around the world May First, 1941. The "sun of tomorrow" shines upon us. The future is ours.



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# NEW MASSES

ESTABLISHED 1911

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## Robbery by Taxation

THE tax program of the Roosevelt administration is the mirror of its foreign policy. No other domestic measure so clearly expresses the reactionary meaning of the whole war effort. The tax proposals mark the public abandonment of the economic theory which was the mainspring of the New Deal social program even when achievement fell far short of promise: that the increase of purchasing power in the hands of the people would set in motion the wheels of recovery and result in rising living standards and the elimination of unemployment. This theory had its shortcomings. But what is left even of the pretense of the New Deal when the administration now announces that one of the prime objectives of its new tax bill is to *reduce* purchasing power?

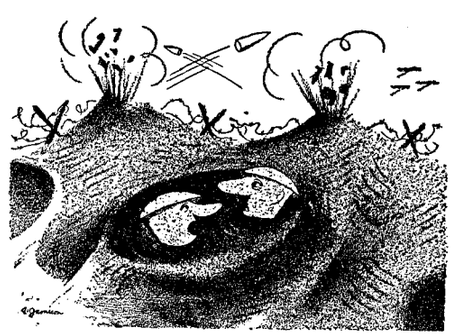
In his budget message last January 8 President Roosevelt said: "I am opposed to a tax policy which restricts general consumption as long as unused capacity is available and as long as idle labor can be employed. . . . The additional tax measures should be based on the principle of ability to pay."

How does the Treasury Department's tax plan conform to this pledge? In about the same way as the administration's foreign policy conforms to the principle of "steps short of war." It is proposed to raise $3,500,000,000—the largest tax rise in the country's history—through the following increases: income taxes, $1,521,000,000; corporation taxes, $935,000,000; estate and gift taxes, $347,000,000; and excise taxes on articles of consumption such as cigarettes, gasoline, liquor, matches, etc., $1,233,000,000. The excise taxes are, in fact, sales taxes, hitting principally those least able to pay. Only the increases in the corporation, estate, and gift taxes fall primarily on the wealthy. In the light of the fabulous profits now being made by big business and the generous tax concessions handed to it last year, the proposed modest increase in corporation taxes reveals once again the tender solicitude of the Roosevelt administration for the architects of war and fascism.

THE INCOME TAX PROPOSALS offer further proof of the negation of the principle of taxation based on ability to pay. The sharpest increases are reserved for those in the low- and middle-income groups. So drastic are these rises that even the *Wall Street Journal* is constrained to speak of "a design to proletarianize the middle classes." The counter-proposals made by the House Ways and Means Committee—whose members, unlike Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, must stand for election—relieve the burden somewhat on these groups, but also involve substantial increases. In his statement to the Ways and Means Committee, Morgenthau made clear that, apart from helping to finance the huge arms budget, the administration's tax plan aims to reduce "the amount of money that the public can spend for comparatively less important things" and "to prevent a general rise in prices by keeping the total volume of monetary purchasing power from outrunning production." This is a scheme for legalized robbery of the people, for cheating the American workers out of the small wage gains that some of them have been able to achieve during the recent stormy weeks through their organized efforts.

This assault on purchasing power is part of a larger plan for the further Nazification of American economy through the curtailment of the production of "comparatively less important things," that is, the things the people need (the twenty percent cut in auto output is one of the first steps of this kind), and the ruthless expropriation of the masses. Secretary Morgenthau gave a further indication of what's in the wind when he proposed a slash of about $1,000,000,000 in "non-defense" expenditures, including farm aid, the National Youth Administration, and the CCC. In other words, the first casualty in the war to establish the four freedoms, including freedom from want, is to be the American standard of living.

It need hardly be added that the way to prevent a general rise in prices is not by creating an artificial scarcity of consumers' goods and then knocking the bottom out of purchasing power, but, on the contrary, by expanding the consumers' goods industries to keep pace with expanding purchasing power. But that would presuppose a concern for the defense and improvement of the way of life of the majority of Americans. The calculating men of wealth, who have bent the men of government to their will and driven our country out upon the chartless seas of this tragic imperialist war, have, of course, other ends in view.



*"That last shell didn't sound like 'campaign oratory.'"*

## The Miners Advance

THE runaround did not work. The coal operators began negotiations with the United Mine Workers last March with the firm intention of putting the miners and their leader, John L. Lewis, "in their place." They could count on administration support, and more than that, on the Red-baiting, vengeful maneuvers of poll-tax congressmen from the South. They could be sure that Mr. Knudsen and Mr. Hillman, from their high seats on the Office of Production Management, would "befriend" labor by knifing the miners in the back. They could bank on the Defense Mediation Board's eagerness to rob the UMW of its bargaining power, to "arbitrate" any dispute in a nice way that would protect the mine owners, rob Mr. Lewis of leadership, disrupt and eventually destroy the UMW.

It was all planned and prepared. But it didn't work. The miners wrested a new contract for the North, a contract raising wages substantially, improving working conditions, strengthening the union by acknowledging its effectiveness. The Southern owners, stooges for the Northern operators, remained the last line of resistance. The family quarrel between corporations of the North and those of the South, ballyhooed as a "split" among the operators, was in reality a second line of defense to which the corporations fell back after their first defeat. Still the miners pressed on, determined to destroy the two-wage system. The miners, who could not be split, now return to work with the pledge that the Southern mines will negotiate wages and that scales agreed upon will be retroactive.

The fight of the UMW has been most revealing to the labor movement. It proved that militant unity can surmount the haggling of the great owners and the pressure of administration-appointed, strike-breaking boards; it can overcome the anger of President Roosevelt intent on "showing" John L. Lewis; the old game of delay and the hostile misrepresentation of the press. Even more, the United Mine Workers proved that organization powerfully united behind a courageous leader who speaks for the rank and file brings victory. For Northern miners are never safe in their union, never secure in their hard-won victories, so long as their brothers in the South are victims of fierce discrimination. The battle against the wage differential is by no means ended. But the UMW and John L. Lewis have advanced powerfully. In their solidarity, which has successfully overcome every strike-breaking trick in the brimming bag of the employers, they find good reason for confidence in the outcome of further negotiations.

## Two Decisions

WE WISH it were possible to welcome without reservation the Supreme Court decision that Negroes traveling from one state to another are entitled to railroad accommodations equal to those of white passengers. Unfortunately, however, while the decision



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bans discrimination in the quality of the services offered, it evades the whole issue of segregation which is the foundation of discriminatory practices. Chief Justice Hughes, speaking for a unanimous court, stated: "The question whether this was a discrimination forbidden by the Interstate Commerce Act is not a question of segregation, but one of equality of treatment." But it is hypocritical to speak of equality of treatment and leave segregation intact.

It is a sad commentary on the status of the four freedoms in this country that seventy-three years after the ratification of the Fourteenth Amendment it can be considered even a partial victory for civil rights for the Supreme Court to declare that Negroes have the right to ride in Pullmans. Undoubtedly, even this has come as a result of the deep ferment among the Negro people and their growing resistance to the oppressive social taboos imposed upon them by the white rulers of America. In the past the Supreme Court has specifically approved state laws providing for segregation on railroads. The present decision may well be used to fortify this vicious practice. In that event the court would be granting a small concession in order the better to deny a more fundamental right.

The two Supreme Court decisions involving National Labor Relations Board cases are of a more clearcut progressive stamp. In the Phelps Dodge Copper case two men had been refused jobs because of union activity. The NLRB ordered that they be hired with back pay equal to what they would have earned had they been steadily employed elsewhere. The Second Circuit Court overturned this ruling, but the Supreme Court has now upheld the original order. This marks a broadening of the interpretation of the National Labor Relations Act. Previous Supreme Court decisions have held that workers already employed cannot be fired for union activity; now the court declares that workers seeking jobs cannot be denied employment for such activity.

The second case involved the right of the labor board to consider several plants of one company as a single bargaining unit. The Federation of Flat Glass Workers had been designated as the bargaining agency for the workers of the six plants of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co. despite the fact that at the Crystal City, Mo., plant an "independent" union claimed a majority of the workers. The Supreme Court upheld the NLRB.

Both labor decisions are in one sense anachronistic. For the court supported rulings made by the NLRB when it had a progressive majority. This is particularly emphasized in the Pittsburgh Plate case since William Leiserson, administration stooge on the board, had dissented from the majority ruling. And with the accession to the chairmanship of the NLRB of Dr. Harry Millis, another administration man, Leiserson's dissent has become the policy of the board. Ironically, only a few days before the Supreme Court upheld the NLRB in the Pittsburgh Plate Glass case, the new reactionary majority of the board reversed a previous decision regarding the plants of the Libby-Owens-Ford Glass Company and decided to split them up into separate bargaining units. Thus the labor board has moved to the right of the Supreme Court!

## Uniforms by Eleanor

MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT doesn't think it's fair to leave girls brooding at home over their boy friends in army camps. She would give them something else to do—nothing less than an "opportunity" to share in the war program too. "I personally hope," says the First Lady in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for May, "that a year of compulsory service will also be considered for girls." The opportunity, note, is to be compulsory—just as with the boys. And Mrs. Roosevelt, in a fine outburst of equal-rights spirit, is also willing to pay the girls the same wage, twenty-one dollars a month. For this they will have the opportunity of learning to be better cooks, nurses, dieticians, and possibly mechanics. Presumably the girl who is still in school, or who has a job paying her many times the draft wage, will be happy to sacrifice her ambitions and independence. Mrs. Roosevelt doesn't touch on that aspect of the problem; her article is ostensibly in answer to a sweet young thing who wants to do something besides "sit at home." Of course, the First Lady says hastily, she isn't suggesting work camps —only people with "certain political beliefs" will accuse her of that. The little threat in that phrase won't frighten anyone. It's been rather generally known since last summer that Mrs. Roosevelt, as well as her husband, has been playing around with the idea of work camps for youth. Such camps, as the First Lady herself acknowledges, are a pet enterprise of men with certain political beliefs that Mrs. Roosevelt can name outright: Nazis and fascists.

## Rapping Mr. Coudert

MR. COUDERT and his accomplices are none too happy these days. Their latter day inquisition, which lacks only a burning stake to place it in its proper medieval setting, is arousing the resentment of thousands of fair-minded men throughout the nation. Indicative of this opposition was the statement sent to the Board of Higher Education of New York City by 774 staff members of over sixty American colleges and universities. "Punitive action" [against teachers] "because of personal beliefs or legal political activity is inconsistent with the very principle of democracy," these educators declared.

One paragraph of the statement synthesizes the attitude of these democratic men:

> The principles which should determine our attitude towards a teacher are, in sum, these: The basic test of his professional ability and integrity lies within the school. There the teacher must not be an advocate or propagandist. If he is charged with incompetence or with abuse of his position in the classroom for illegal or propagandist activity, that charge must be proved by recognized legal procedure and the burden rests upon the accuser. As a responsible citizen, on the other hand, the teacher shares the rights and prerogatives of all citizens of the United States guaranteed by the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, and is equally subject to the laws of the land. The point to be emphasized is that the issue is rights, not beliefs. Punitive action because of personal beliefs or legal political activity is inconsistent with the very principles of democracy.

It is significant indeed that the student body, in the main, agrees with this statement. This was indicated in the college peace rallies throughout the country April 23. Students, who know their teachers best, displayed sincere affection and respect for the men the Coudert committee is laboring to smear. In the New York colleges the suspended educators were the guests of honor. Dr. Louis Balamuth told 4,000 students at the CCNY rally that they know best whether the men under fire "are good teachers or bad." The applause his remarks brought provided the answer.

The unity of teacher and student is being fortified by that class which today stands in the forefront for progress: labor. Representatives of New York's trade unions spoke on the campus, endorsed the proceedings. Such a combination—students, teachers, labor—will ultimately prevent the war-bent administration and its academic catspaws from transforming the schools and colleges into War Industry No. 1.

## The "Day" Is Still Dark

AT THIS writing, the strike against the New York Jewish *Day* is in its eleventh week. As NM readers will recall from Nathaniel Buchwald's article (April 1 issue), the strike began when the *Day* management fired seven members of the American Newspaper Guild (CIO) and drastically cut the wages of six others. The picket line has held firm, but Editor Margoshes has had the comfort of some ardent hand-holding by Social Democrats. Officials of Hillman's Amalgamated Clothing Workers and Dubinsky's International Ladies Garment Workers recently held a joint conference on breaking the strike. When strikers tried to get in to tell their story, they were beaten by guards. And Mr. Margoshes is getting something besides hand-holding: not long ago the Amalgamated placed a full-page $400-ad in the *Day* signed by three officers of the New York Joint Board, which attacked the strike as a "crime" dictated by "the sinister forces of the Communist Party." This, of course, is Mr. Margoshes' line. It is not the first time that ACW officials have used it. They and Dubinsky's men have Red-baited in an effort to break the *Day* strike since it began last February 14. Philip Murray and John L. Lewis have both endorsed the strike. So have honest trade union organizations and individual members from all over the nation. The "political nature" of the conflict between Margoshes and the strikers, which the Red-baiters complain about, has been created entirely by the strike breakers themselves.



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# THE MERCHANTS OF ALIBIS

***Mike Gold's trenchant new book reaffirms the great tradition in American letters. The shoddy poseurs "with perpetual slight colds." Reviewed by Samuel Sillen.***

THE HOLLOW MEN, *by Michael Gold. International Publishers. 25 cents.*

BACK in 1931, Michael Gold predicted that the heralds of an American fascism would be the same *New Republic* philosophers who blessed our entrance into the first world war. Prepare for the next war, warned Mike in an essay on "The Intellectual Road to Fascism." "Inoculate yourself against the liberals who will want to lead you into another capitalist war for whatever holy and subtle reason." For more than two decades, Mike has been inoculating people against those writers whom he once described as "the merchants of alibis." Reviewing his career, one is impressed with many abiding virtues, but most of all, perhaps, with his infallible and almost uncanny power to smoke out the phony, the meretricious, the hypocritical in literature and life.

Nobody is gloating over the fact that the prophecy of 1931 has been so grimly confirmed in 1941, least of all Mike. *The Hollow Men* is not written in an I-told-you-so spirit. Mike is not, to use his own phrase, one of the looking backward boys. If, after twenty-five years of hard and incessant fighting, he has earned the right to live on reminiscences, he also, in the same process, learned to regard them as dispensable luxuries. His eyes are fixed on the future, the socialist future. To the urgent job of each new day he brings that vigor and warmth of feeling, that superb indignation and unshatterable hope, which have made him the most deeply loved literary spokesman of the American working class.

Swiftly, boldly, with utter disregard for the insincere niceties of criticism Mike drives to the heart of a problem. To writers of more cautious temperament he has frequently been an upsetting experience, a sort of irreverent bull in the literary teashop. But in their franker moments they will have to admit that Mike has slashed out in a sentence the truth which they nearly smothered in pages of reserved prose. A master of pungent and quotable epigram, he leaves his victim squirming. Mencken has become "the Al Smith of American letters." Edmund Wilson "ascended the proletarian 'bandwagon' with the arrogance of a myopic, high-bosomed Beacon Hill matron entering a common street-car." Mahatma Mumford's "rich Oxford voice throbs with the old organ roll." The editors of the *Nation* and *New Republic* are careful men "with perpetual slight colds." And so on down the honor roll.

Campaigning against those intellectuals who pervert knowledge in the interest of reaction, Mike has sometimes whacked away with too broad a stick. He has at times given the impression, in the heat of battle, that he was berating the whole intellectual enterprise. Heavens knows the provocation has been great, but surely never great enough to warrant even a momentary failure to distinguish most carefully between sound and treacherous scholarship. Today Mike is acutely conscious of this distinction, and one source of strength in *The Hollow Men* is his sense of outrage at the perversion of intellectual life by men like Frank, Mumford, and MacLeish. It is the new intellectuals, he writes, who most clearly apprehend the danger of war and fascism, "for it is their culture, their social criticism, and their organizations that would first feel the blow."

These new intellectuals are profoundly indebted to Michael Gold. For he had discovered, when they were in their swaddling clothes, those solid truths which have given meaning to their lives, and he kept insisting on those truths at moments when it was unfashionable and unprofitable to do so. Clarence Day once said to Mike: "You fellows must be awfully lonesome." And Mike answered: "It would be a lot more lonesome among the liars." The shining integrity of his spirit has prevailed, and today he is far from lonesome in a great fellowship of writers and readers whom he has deeply influenced.

The central truth which the new intellectuals have learned from him is the necessary identity between the writer and the people. Throughout the twenties, when, as Mike shows in *The Hollow Men,* writers turned upon the people with scorn, he mercilessly exposed the cynics, the expatriates, the esthetic snobs, the nihilists, and the poseurs. The social resurgence in the literature of the thirties is dated by literary historians from his fine proletarian novel, *Jews Without Money,* and his now famous review of Thornton Wilder. But behind these works lay over ten years of tireless effort in behalf of a literature which would truly mirror the life and voice the desires of the American masses. Inspired with the poetic revolutionary vision of Blake, Shelley, and Whitman, the masters of his early years, he has fortified romantic dream with the scientific materialism of Marx and Lenin. His confidence in the people, born of intimate human association, has given Mike's work a freshness and purpose which the middle class literature of his time so badly lacked, the literature of spiritual collapse, weariness, boredom, self-division, in which as Franz Kafka, one of its victims, wrote, it is "impossible to sleep, impossible to wake, impossible to endure life."

*Mike Gold*

*The Hollow Men* is written out of the conviction that the literary reaction accompanying the war threatens more seriously than ever before the truthful and humanistic literature of the great tradition. "The rising wave of literary reaction, the return to Philistinism, nationalist mysticism and all the dark idols of the past, demonstrate the manner in which war hysteria can corrupt and confuse even the best minds." The war intellectuals are denouncing the literature which opened new areas of American life—"the deep South, the daily life in factories, mills and mines, the struggle of the farmer, the souls of black folk, the problems of the immigrant and his children." Archibald MacLeish attacks anti-war books, not on the ground of their truth or esthetic value, but of their expediency as wartime propaganda. Waldo Frank talks mumbo-jumbo, Lewis Mumford preaches unstinting sacrifice, Malcolm Cowley wants to borrow fascism from the fascists, Robert Sherwood bangs the big gong calling the innocents to war on the Soviets, Kenneth Roberts hacks away at Sam Adams with the venomous and unscrupulous gutter talk of a Jan Valtin, Saroyan lectures on sweetness and flight, Vincent Sheean assures the editors of the *Saturday Evening Post* that Mr. Churchill is a democrat but not a Red.

Mike analyzes these worthies with a firm insight into their social and personal motivations. The "moral fear of proletarianization," the "flunkey spirit," and the "mysticism in defense of the du Ponts and Fords" he relates to similar periods in world literature. He



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speaks with sublime contempt for grovelling, mean, and spiteful minds, and at the same time with a rich comprehension of their origins which is even more effective than the contempt.

*The Hollow Men* is a brief study which perhaps inevitably makes two errors of emphasis requiring correction in a longer work. Mike's approach to the twenties is a little one-sided. In isolating the proto-fascist elements in Mencken's thought and the snobbish vacuity in T. S. Eliot's, he tends to overlook the positive contributions of the period, both with regard to the work of the proletarians like himself and that of the middle class pessimists. Sterile and hopeless most of the intellectuals were indeed, as he says. But their attitudes were, in the first place, powerful corrosives to complacency, Puritanism, and sentimental optimism. Their negative protests, undisciplined and nihilistic to be sure, their exposure of the hollowness of bourgeois life, helped to clear the ground for the affirmations of the following decade. Mike was so much a part of the necessary struggle against their attitudes as *complete* philosophies that he tends even now to underestimate the value of their partial insights. Our approach to the twenties needs to be more dialectical.

Moreover, a unilateral approach to the twenties would ignore the fact that many middle class writers were being faithful to their experience in the only way they knew how, terribly limited as that was. Van Wyck Brooks in his new book, *On Literature Today,* also condemns American writers for their cynicism and negation. Archibald MacLeish has taken the same line. But this demand for affirmation and hope on their part is sheer wish thinking, optimism by fiat, since they do not relate it to a social base. Having no theory of society and history which provides the basis for hope, they are in effect urging writers to be untruthful. For the writer who seeks to sanctify existing class relations—which express themselves more and more cruelly in damnable wars and poverty and social discrimination—is doomed either to sterility or pious fraud. And for many of the writers who openly and bitterly denounced society in the postwar decade one must at least say that they did not create the illusion of comfort where none existed. Our criticism of these writers, like Faulkner, Anderson, the earlier Lewis and Hemingway, and even T. S. Eliot, must radically distinguish itself from the criticism of Brooks and MacLeish.

In the same way, we must be careful not to approach the thirties without noting the elements of decay in those writers who, like Dos Passos and Farrell, appeared at various moments to be moving toward a working class orientation. While the main thrust of what Mike properly calls the decade of social discovery was positive and healthy, we are beginning to recognize how much "shoddiness, opportunism, adolescent fear and hesitation" was *not* burned out. The reversals of Hicks, Cowley, and Lerner, for example, were not merely a reflex of the war hysteria; the seeds of their disintegration may be found in some of their sounder writings.

A controversy between Arthur Calder-Marshall and Stephen Spender on "The Pink Decade" (London *New Statesman and Nation,* February 8 and 15) illuminates the problem. Discussing the pseudo-Marxist school of Auden, Spender, and Day Lewis, Mr. Calder-Marshall observes: "The impetus of our writing came from reaction to family and class situations. The certainty of what was wrong with the middle class was stronger than its corollary, the need to join with the working class." He adds: "We were like those neurotics who cannot cross a road; one step from the security of the pavement into the road and we retreated. And on the pavement, we argued, was the material of our art." Profoundly true, this belated self-criticism. But Stephen Spender argues that the mistake he and the others made was to get within even hailing distance of the working class: "We thought that we were isolated; but if we had accepted that isolation, it might have been a shaft leading deep down into the sources of a common humanity including all classes and all countries." Now that he has quite frankly become the "poet of humanity," Mr. Spender admits that all "we" did was "half-hearted." And he furnishes a rationalization of the snobbery in which he is saturated: "Until there is a social revolution, writers are bound to write for an educated, leisured class of readers. . . ." So that the common humanity which includes "all classes" seems, for the writer, to exclude the unleisured classes—until the social revolution, of course. Mr. Spender, regrettably, does not pause to tell us who will have the leisure to effect that epic event. The "social revolution" will surely take as much time as the reading, even an uneducated reading, of his poetic devotions to our common humanity.

In turning against the positive contributions of the thirties, Spender with his leisure class theory and Auden with his theory of the individual's psychic regeneration are reflecting phases of the phenomenon which *The Hollow Men* so brilliantly diagnoses. Last week's *New Republic* is the most shameless example of cultural degeneration to which we have so far been treated on this side of the Atlantic. Edmund Wilson, the high-bosomed Beacon Hill matron of Mike's book, edits a special literary supplement devoted, according to the title page at least, to "American Writing: 1941." After the usual "literary" remarks about the GPU, the *New Republic's* editorial manifesto attacks the literature of the last decade for its vulgar concern with political and economic matters. It appears that the Joads and Bigger Thomases of the decade were created by writers who were "mesmerized by the Kremlin." Now, thank God, "there are unmistakable signs of the revival of an interest in literature for its own sake—that is, as a department of activity which has its own aims, techniques and rights." And what are these signs? Thomas Bell's *Out of This Furnace*? Lillian Hellman's *Watch on the Rhine*? Richard Wright's *Native Son*? No, the signs are confined, unmistakably, to the pages of the *New Republic.* As his contribution to "American Writing: 1941" Edmund Wilson writes six pages on the Philoctetes of Sophocles; there is an article about the surrealist-pornographer-Hellenist Henry Miller and an article by the surrealist-pornographer-Hellenist Henry Miller, author of that profound and unreadable effort at "literature for its own sake," *The Cosmological Eye.* Et-cetera, including a translation of Pushkin by the White Russian Nabokov, whose spirit is as akin to that of Pushkin as Henry Miller's or Edmund Wilson's to that of the men on the Ford picket line at River Rouge a few weeks ago. These are the "signs" by which we are to recognize a renaissance in American writing.

Signs they are indeed—of what Mike Gold meant when he wrote of Wilder in 1930 (and in the *New Republic!*): "Mr. Wilder wishes to restore, he says, through Beauty and Rhetoric, the spirit of Religion in American Literature . . . a pastel, pastiche, dilettante religion, without the true neurotic blood and fire, a daydream of homosexual figures in graceful gowns moving archaically among the lilies." Only today, ten years later, these are the ominous signs of a newfangled fascist esthetic. In their attacks on social realism, the Edmund Wilsons of this period are making themselves acceptable in advance to the bookburners. Their line is a little different from MacLeish's, but the social meaning is the same. They want divine irresponsibility; and MacLeish wants social responsibility to the war machine. Each line is a renunciation of the great tradition in American letters.

That this democratic cultural tradition will survive, defended by bolder spirits, enriched by a multitude of younger writers, is a certainty which Mike Gold proclaims with flaming eloquence in the epilogue to *The Hollow Men.* The call to the forthcoming Congress of American Writers is a mighty assurance that the free writers of America will not corrupt their intelligence or betray their heritage. If one wants "unmistakable signs" one will have to look there. SAMUEL SILLEN.

## Hope in a Fog

THE MAJORITY OF THE PEOPLE, *by Edwin Mims, Jr. Modern Age Books. $2.75.*
MODERN DEMOCRACY, *by Carl L. Becker. Yale University Press. $2.*

SOMETHING is wrong with democracy. Somehow, in these trying days, it is not working the way it should. In the last months books by the score have discussed the problem; and here are two more attempts to find an answer. The eminent historian, Prof. Carl L. Becker of Cornell, has collected three lectures delivered at the University of Virginia on the disturbing fact that democracy "has suffered an astounding decline in prestige." Dr. Edwin Mims, Jr., professor of American history at Sarah Lawrence College, sets out to compile what he calls "a grammar of de-



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mocracy," which will persuade Americans to "press on toward a fuller and fuller realization of the majority-rule ideals which presided at the birth of the American republic."

Both books leave a great deal to be desired. But first it should be recognized that Dr. Mims has a progressive purpose in mind, and the conclusions he reaches boldly assert a belief in the majority. He has collected much useful material, and presented it, if not excitingly, at least with forthrightness. He has traced the debate always present in capitalist democracy—shall the majority rule, or shall the rights of the minority be uppermost? The answer, for Dr. Mims, is that the majority must triumph to give democracy full meaning. It is a good conclusion. Yet in discussing the nature of the state—and no examination of democracy can do otherwise—Dr. Mims exhibits serious shortcomings. His is an ambitious book that for all its scholarship does not treat the essential material that alone reveals the true nature of the state. His is a brave book that, failing to be braver, hits wide of its mark.

Put it this way. Dr. Mims has much to say about the different philosophies dealing with the nature of the state. But he neglects to show how these philosophies evolved, the political and economic struggles they reflected. Certainly, the ideas expressed by such men as Hobbes and Locke, Rousseau and Jefferson did not pop into the writers' heads out of the clear air, with no relation to the needs of the rising bourgeoisie and the abuses suffered by the peasantry and the emerging proletariat. Dr. Mims would have done well to have studied the illuminating essays by Earl Browder which examine the differences between Jefferson's and Hamilton's conception of the young republic. Dr. Mims treats Karl Marx in an off-hand manner, with a touch of condescension. He dismisses Lenin with no more than passing mention. There can, however, be no intelligent appraisal of the modern capitalist state without understanding Lenin's important contribution. Dr. Mims' citations of Max Lerner and Dorothy Thompson are hardly adequate substitutes.

It is also unfortunate that Dr. Mims chose to omit material that might be considered too unorthodox. Thereby, his treatment of an important subject is less than adequate and less than stimulating. He poses "questions" and refuses to acknowledge that they have been considered and even solved. For example, in passing, he waves aside as "sketchy" the writings of Marx and Lenin "on the nature and function of leadership and on the dialectical relationship between leader and rank-and-file." Nevertheless, even though Dr. Mims blithely ignores what has been going on in the world, the Marxist-Leninist dictatorship of the proletariat (which Dr. Mims says "neither Marx nor any of his glossators has attempted systematically to develop"), has been put into practice in the Soviet Union. It seems rather "sketchy" on Dr. Mims' part not to give some thought to the country where the dictatorship of the proletariat has built


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socialism and expanded the concept of democracy. So much of what Dr. Mims claims he wants from democracy has been achieved within the borders of the USSR. To Dr. Mims, however, the Soviet Union does not exist.

Perhaps Dr. Mims will object that he is writing solely about America, and that the USSR has nothing to do with the case. Then, he must answer why he feels that Locke and Rousseau are more important to the understanding of the nature of democracy than Marx and Lenin and Stalin. His discussions of Jefferson are all learned; but to approach American democracy today in terms of mercantile capitalism is empty and unrewarding. Monopoly capitalism has profoundly affected the nature of the capitalist state, as the TNEC reports prove so graphically. All Dr. Mims' fine progressive hopes for the future of American democracy are heartening; but the future is very much bound up with the political and economic present, which is not identical with the political and economic system of Hamilton's and Jefferson's times.

The words of speeches made a century ago may be the same, but the same words spoken today have new meanings within the limitations of the present outlook. Nor has fascism anything to do with Hobbes, for all the similarity Dr. Mims may find between Hobbes' conception of sovereignty and that of Hitler. Likewise, the essential nature of totalitarian dictatorship in Germany and Italy is *not* clarified by understanding the distinctions between Hobbes' and Rousseau's versions of sovereignty. Because, as monopoly capitalism develops it breeds fascism, and fascism cannot be explained by finding a supposed parallel between Hitler and "Hobbes' sovereign who through his person continued year after year to bring unity to a people which otherwise would disintegrate." Hitler neither created fascism nor brought it about. He was an instrument of the ruling class, within the class struggle at the moment when monopoly capitalists must use force against the majority in order to preserve its prerogatives. Fascism is the result not of someone's "idea" but of the political and economic necessity of the ruling capitalist class at a certain stage of development. To understand fascism is to understand the nature of imperialism. And Dr. Mims gives no consideration to imperialism, the special stage of capitalism. Consequently, his discussion of democracy in the days of imperialism gets nowhere because he shows no comprehension of the very real world in which the struggle to preserve democracy takes place. His book is at best a convenient compendium of quotations from a few thinkers. Certainly it is neither a profound study of democracy, nor a perceptive study of the relevance these selected thinkers may have for us today. (The reader can judge the extent of Dr. Mims' failure by contrasting his approach to that of A. B. Magil in the series of articles entitled "The Crucible of Democracy," which began in NEW MASSES Feb. 18, 1941. Mr. Magil treats ideas expressed by Jefferson, Hamilton, Jackson, Lincoln, and others and discusses their bearing on the fight to preserve present-day democracy in a stimulating and wholly relevant manner.)

Professor Becker's three lectures are witty and charming. He is a liberal, with the tolerance and education of a liberal, and with all the carefully guarded prejudice of the academic world. He perceives that "the greater part of the wealth produced, since it is produced by the machines, goes to those who own or control the machines, while those who work the machines receive that part only which can be exacted by selling their services in a market where wages are impersonally adjusted to the necessities of the machine process." He understands that with the rise of monopoly goes the "concentration of wealth and power in the hands of the fortunate few, and thereby nullifies, for the majority of the people, many of those essential liberties which provide both the theoretical justification and the necessary conditions for the practical success of democratic institutions."

But what to do about it? The danger today, with war convulsing the world, is "another dark age of barbarism," says Professor Becker. Thereupon he falls back on the fervent trust that capitalism, which he acknowledges is sick and corrupt, will suddenly effect some magic cure. He hopes, though with skepticism, that Hitler Germany will go down to defeat, and democracy will survive in a world dominated by British and American imperialism. How this is possible, Professor Becker admits he does not know; he warns that fascism is the terribly likely outcome of a British-American victory. He is like a man who goes to the edge of a precipice and looks over, then shuts his eyes and pretends that what he saw is not true. Instead, he takes refuge in dreams that capitalism will reform—how he can't guess. He feeds his desire by repeating stale slogans coined by reaction to slander the Soviet Union. Professor Becker is unhappy. Everything is bad—and most of all he fears the new, fears the working class, fears the people. He abhors fascism, and he is all too conscious of its spread. But, on the other hand, he abhors socialism. And so he can only keep on bravely and calmly repeating his dreary Coue formula that everything will come out all right, even though he can't for the life of him see how that will happen.

Here, then, are two more books in praise of democracy, two books by men who lean toward progressivism. On last analysis, they are impotent books, full of vague words, vague faiths, vague loyalities that do not succeed in spiriting away the all-too-ugly reality. The old is dying: the task ahead is to get the new born. Only when the socialization of the modes of production goes hand in hand with the socialization of the means of production, is democracy safe. Today it takes a far deeper understanding of our society than Dr. Mims and Professor Becker bring to it, and a far more profound comprehension of the nature of imperialism, to write meaningfully in the cause of democracy.

BRUCE MINTON.



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# OUT OF HIS OWN LITTLE HEAD

***William Saroyan's latest play is an insult to the intelligence and to the heart. His theatrical games are all played out . . . Trickery in the newsreels.***

THE new Saroyan effusion (at the Lyceum) is presented under the insulting title, *The Beautiful People.* Mr. Saroyan not only made this thing up out of his own little head, but directed it and produced it with his own money. I don't know whether he did this latter because no one else would have produced it, but certainly no one else could have written it.

There are four scenes. The curtain goes up and the curtain goes down, quite irrelevantly. Nothing happens; that does not matter. People talk; this is not important. There is no motivation of character, of scene; it makes no difference. For ever since Saroyan noticed that Shakespeare's initials were the same as his own, he has made his own rules. During the intervals when the curtain is still up in the flies, the characters talk. There is a family which lives on a pension check that comes to their address though the pensioner has been dead for some time. On the face of it, this is a humorous situation, but you would be astonished to see how much less humorous is the "play" which revolves about it. The family consists of a son who writes books of one word, a father who prefaces each of his remarks with the brilliant exclamation, "Polestar and Pyramid!" (or alternately, "Spectacles and Satellites!"), and is given to fervid declamation of orotund mystical claptrap. There is a daughter who loves all living creatures, even the mice that infest the home. What is more, the mice love her. They frequently leave flowers on the floor, arranged in letters that spell out her name. Also, on at least one occasion, they pray for her recovery. The other member of the family is an off-stage cornet.

There are also a drunken old man, an old lady named Harmony Blueblossom (pretty?), a Catholic priest, an insurance man who looks (purposely) like a mouse (Symbolism). The last character once took a trip to Mexico, from which he returned bringing a small tin horn which he occasionally toots. That's all. Except that for the final, devastating curtain, the off-stage cornet materializes in the person of Don Freeman, the artist, who is the family's other brother. With him he brings a homeless young man, who speaks nary a word. He just *is.*

So is Mr. Saroyan who, I am quite certain, has a method in his surrealist madness. It seems, currently, to be quite a lucrative method, for with the exception of *PM's* Kronenberger (who possesses more than average taste), and poor old Sidney Whipple of the *World-Telegram* Saroyan has evoked the usual adjectives from the New York critics. Mr. Watts of the *Herald Tribune* supplied "sweetness," "imagination," "enchanting," "delightful," and—*o! tempora, o! mores!*—the deathless label, "It is a darling play." A blown-up Winchell rave is posted outside the theater. Brooks Atkinson of the *Times* (who also writes about wild birds when he is not pontificating about aid-for-Britain) found it "beguiling," "tender," and "ingratiating." Burns Mantle decorated it with two (and a half) stars, and it was the runner-up to *Watch on the Rhine* for the Critics Circle prize. This, I submit, is an accurate index of the venality and the bankruptcy of bourgeois critical intelligence in our collapsing economy; and if you think I am completely wacky, accept a challenge to spend your otherwise useful money on a ticket and witness this spectacle of Mr. Saroyan's ultimate intellectual disintegration.

For his little game is all played out. The minor liveliness and spontaneity which informed his earlier efforts have been worked to a frazzle. He has run himself into the ground. And nothing is left but those major qualities which were always inherent in the man: the dismal poverty of his imagination, the blatant sentimentality, the exhibitionism, the meretriciousness, the bombastic reiteration of overblown "eternal verities"—the revolt against the intellect, which is the touchstone of the pre-fascist mentality.

In one of the four prefaces to the printed version of his previous three plays, the author defends himself against his critics. They have called him an exhibitionist, he says. And he replies, Of course; all art is exhibitionism. (This is something less than a half truth.) They have called him mindless. Show me a writer of any consequence, he says, who is "mindful." And he protests that no one loves people more than he; no one suffers more than he has suffered in sympathy with all mankind; no one is more concerned over what happens to *The Beautiful People* than Saroyan. Let us grant him his deep love of people—but only for the sake of argument. It is not, contrary to *PM's* Kronenberger, "a mania," however. It is a *tactic.* And the way Mr. Saroyan utilizes it is also an insult to the intelligence and to the heart.

For out of what sort of love of people could Mr. Saroyan have justified his cowardly attack upon the disinherited in *Love's Old Sweet Song*? Out of what sort of desire to help humanity understand itself could he justify the wilful obscurantism and the "philosophical" gibberish of this latest "drama"? For his "philosophy" points in one direction, and in one direction only: toward an acceptance of poverty and injustice; toward a reliance upon the "planetary influences" and the objective "beauty" of life. Out of what sort of artistic and critical integrity could he justify his own ballyhooed attitude toward work and toward the world—an attitude that will apparently stop at nothing to ring the changes on his celebrated name?

Eugene Loring, as the young son, has personal charm. There is a neat job of making something out of nothing by E. J. Ballantine, as the insurance executive who looks like a mouse. Don Freeman, the theatrical cartoonist, plays the cornet very nicely.

ALVAH BESSIE.

## "Heroes of the Sea"

***New Soviet film depicts Red Navy in action.***

THE new Soviet picture at the Miami is not one of the best, but there is invariably enough in even the Soviet's less important pictures to give cards and spades to Hollywood. Directed by Vladimir Braun from a story by I. Zeltser and S. Abramovitch-Blek, the film is built around ominous events that might yet happen. The film makers, who completed their work late in 1939, have imagined an attack upon the Soviet Union, and set about to show their audience the part that would be played in any counter-attack by the Red Navy. Accordingly, mechanical as the story would seem to be, there is a great deal of excitement on the screen. A minor unit of the fleet gets caught in a hot



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spot, and is rescued by the grand fleet, with all sea arms cooperating in brilliant integration: the air force, the submarines, the fast torpedo boats. When you consider that the majority of these scenes of sea-warfare must necessarily be process shots utilizing scale models and trick photography, the resultant suspense and the atmosphere of excitement are nothing short of miraculous.

As usual, the Soviet film makers have managed to integrate common humanity with "objective" forces. The people who man the guns, the ships, the airplanes, are not puppets; they are human beings, with recognizable human traits. Here the women do not weep and stay at home; one of the heroines commands a squadron of dive bombers, the other is a pilot. They have a stake in the outcome that is not conditioned alone by the loss or safety of their men in battle. And they are women—as well as people with responsibility for command.

For the suspense and the excitement of warfare with a purpose, for the scenes of action below the surface of the sea in a trapped submarine, for the common touch, you will want to see *Heroes of the Sea.* It will make you feel better about the future.

A. B.

## Trickery in Newsreels

***Truth is kicked around by the film editors.***

*Hollywood.*

AMONG the little water babies who know about such things, it's common whispering that the newsreels are the most effective type of film for propaganda. If you want results, if you want to get a point over to your movie audiences—so say the little water babies—use the newsreels. There you can speak factually, bluntly, straight from the shoulder; there you can "reflect life." And these are just the things you can't do in feature films.

The reason you can't do these things in feature films is that it doesn't pay. *Box Office Digest,* a weekly which publishes the "only authentic box office figures" and which speaks in the name of the exhibitors throughout the country, is constantly editorializing on the necessity for ENTERTAINMENT (that's the way they write it) in Hollywood's output. And the first word in the definition of ENTERTAINMENT, we learn, is none other than ESCAPE. "We don't care what variety of escape you offer—whether it is release of life's problems through zanie laughs, or complete abandonment of today's calendar by adventure into glorious history, the first requirement of money-making entertainment is to take the customer away from his own daily problems. . . . Heavy-handed propaganda, no matter for what side of an argument, is not selling theater tickets."

A careful check of the approximately 250 major and minor full-length pictures released in the six months up to the end of


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April 1941 reveals only about a dozen films which the escapists resent as bad entertainment or progressives resent as harmful. There are a few which are valuable: *The Great Dictator, Citizen Kane.* There are a few which malign progressive ideas or events: *Comrade X, Arise My Love, Santa Fe Trail.* And there are a few designed to whip up the FDR brand of patriotism: *Flight Command, Here Comes the Navy, I Wanted Wings, Convoy.* The very great majority of feature pictures released in this period, though, have little or no effect as propaganda for war or *imperialismo yanqui.*

Such certainly isn't the case with the newsreels. Any movie-goer knows that the best thing to get an audience reaction is the short talk by Secretary Knox on the need for the world's biggest navy, or the photographic report of a daring English raid, or the determined statement by a big industrialist that strikes are imperiling the national "defense" effort. And every movie-goer knows that these items and others like them are included in *every* newsreel.

When you realize that the average newsreel reaches around 17,500,000 people in the first week of its release, and up to 55,000,000 in five weeks, you begin to see what the water babies were talking about. Newsreels are a necessary item on any movie program. The popular interest in them has even justified the inauguration and growth of theaters devoted exclusively to the showing of newsreels and related short subjects. Five out of seven major studios produce newsreels; each of the five puts out two editions a week. (Parenthetically, it's interesting to note that Warner Brothers, which with Columbia has no newsreel, is the studio most aggressively cooperating with FDR in putting out propaganda *features.*)

Altogether, the newsreel editors examine about 250,000 feet of film a week to get 10,000. What is it that determines their selection? In the answer to this question, broadly speaking, you can find the good and bad points about the newsreels as they are shown today.

On the credit side, it must be noted that the editors select any exciting or historically important footage they get. Sometimes it's a disaster, sometimes an epochal and unforeseen event, sometimes a shot of an outstanding historical figure, and, since the advent of sound, the voice of such a figure. Thomas Sugrue wrote once that "the newsreels have done more to acquaint Americans with the world in which they live than all of the other beneficent agencies of modern civilization combined."

But the abortive uses to which newsreels are being put today almost completely negate the real values that have been noted.

Theoretically, there is no reason at all why an editorial on celluloid is not as legitimate as one on newsprint; but when every effort is made to convey the suggestion that no editorializing is intended, it's time for movie audiences to claim a foul. The newsreels gain


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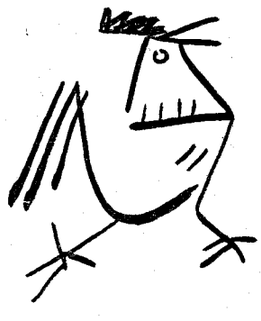
their prestige because they report events and people with a vividness, a directness denied to other media. People come to look on them with a certain respect and trust. And then the newsreels betray this trust by one-sided selection of footage or by faking news or arranging sequences of events in such a way as to point a moral while ostensibly confining themselves to the presentation of news.

The most flagrant example of the faked newsreel was made in California in 1934 when Upton Sinclair was running for governor. Shots were obtained of seedy looking men falling off box cars and clambering up from under bridges and all coming to glorious California. "When that Sinclair gets in," they said obligingly to the cameras, "we'll be on easy street. We won't have to work. We'll just sponge off the state of California." The faked newsreel is resorted to only in moments of desperation, however, because the studios and their editors know the public won't stomach such raw stuff.

But the other tricks, the sly selection of footage and the arrangement of sequences, are almost as potent. Nowadays, for instance, editors select film which is pro-British, which displays the benevolence of Washington with regard to its southern neighbors, which beats the drum. If the capital-vs.-labor battle is shown, a well-dressed pillar of society will be followed by an unkempt, inarticulate worker. The newsreel editor's claim of impartiality because he "presents both sides" insults the intelligence of movie-goers.

Well, what are we going to do about it? If we don't like feature films, we simply don't go to our favorite Bijou or Rialto, and the boxoffice gives the producers a sharp pinch in the posterior, so eventually we get feature films we're at least willing to sit through. If an anti-labor thing like Paramount's *Our Leading Citizen* is released, the loss in dollars and cents will be so great that Hollywood will stop making anti-labor pictures simply out of self-interest. But we don't go into movie houses for the newsreels: we get those on the program without asking or choosing, and so we can't register protest at the boxoffice. However, there can be no doubt that theater managers are very much amenable to pressure. That pressure may be put on the managers personally or on the editors and studios by mail. The important fact is that it has to be turned on someone, and immediately.

EMIL PRITT.



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# GOINGS ON

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*MAY 1940*

*MAY 1939*

*Street Scene*
*Berlin 1934*

*MAY 1936*

*"But, darling, we can't deport all of them!"*
*MAY 1935*

*MAY 1937*

## DID YOU MARCH ON . . .

# MAY DAY

We don't feel that May first would be quite the same without our annual May Day cartoon. We've assembled here a selection from the past few years. This is no proposal, however, that you read New Masses only on May first. We propose that you see these cartoons and others like them every week. Fill out the blank below and start your next year right from May Day on.

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